REAL WEST

CHARLTON PUBLICATION
CDC 00174

True Tales of the American Frontier

50¢
SEPTEMBER 1976

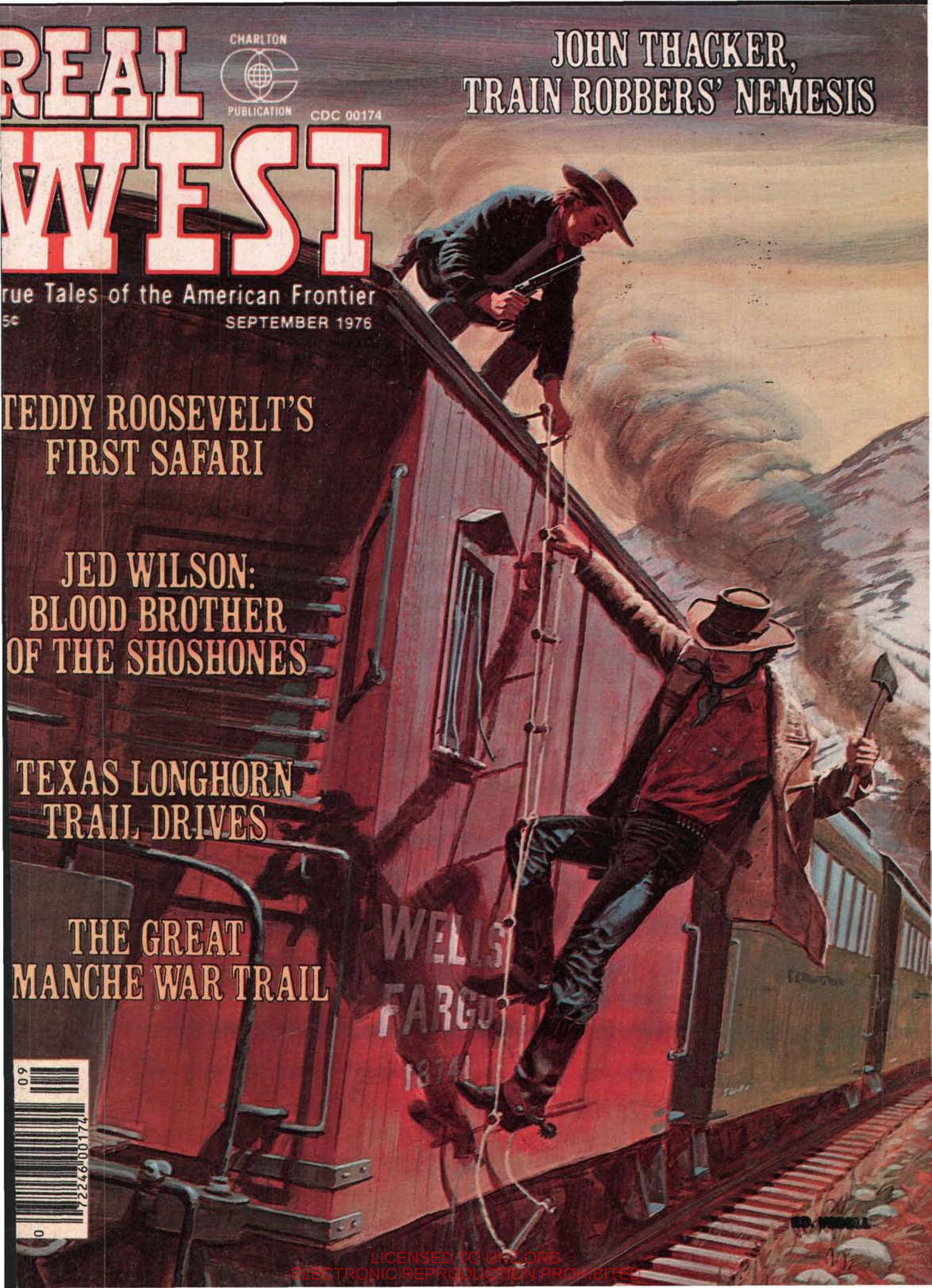
JOHN THACKER, TRAIN ROBBERS' NEMESIS

TEDDY ROOSEVELT'S FIRST SAFARI

JED WILSON: BLOOD BROTHER OF THE SHOSHONES

TEXAS LONGHORN TRAIL DRIVES

THE GREAT MANCHE WAR TRAIL



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Yes, a staggering miracle has happened; A brilliant psychic researcher has discovered a secret—so powerful that it is said to bring your desires to you, from the invisible world, like a blazing streak of lightning!

Yes, how would you like to be able to sit in your living room, give the command for love, and instantly have your loved one appear at your side? Or give the command for money, and suddenly find a big, thick roll of dollars in your hand?

Now, a daring new book called TELECULT POWER lays bare this magic secret, and shows how it can bring fortune, love, and happiness. And Reese P. Dubin – the man who discovered it – makes this shocking claim . . .

"Great Wealth And Power Can Be Yours!"

Admittedly, the concept this book proposes is completely opposed and contrary to normal human knowledge and experience. "But at this very moment," says Mr. Dubin, "I have startling proof that I want you to see with your own eyes! I want to show you . . .

- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her –out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time – commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk – and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument – called a Tele-Photo Transmitter – that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands . . .

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head, I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody – high or low, ignorant or wise – all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could "tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR – SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there – standing before him, as real as life – was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There – smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting– stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument – your mental equipment – requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire – called a Photo-Form – then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin. "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning . . . a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets . . . a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

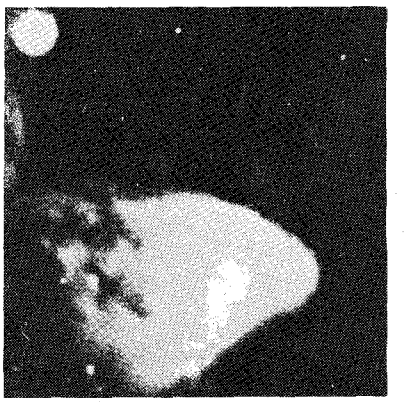
"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love . . . draw favors, gifts, new friends . . . or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others . . . men and women in all walks of life . . . worked every time . . . and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money . . . fives, tens, twenties . . . and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful,



standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few . . .

- **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** Walter C. had a shiny bald head with just a fringe of white hair showing around the edges. He tried this method, and soon his hair began to regrow. The new hair came in thick, dark, and luxurious!
- **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE!** You'll see how this secret gave Albert J. the power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and—for the first time in the history of Las Vegas—walk away with $500,000!
- **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work—actually revealed their secret thoughts—made them confess and apologize!

If TELECULT POWER can do all this for others, what riches, what rewards, what amazing results can it also bring to you?

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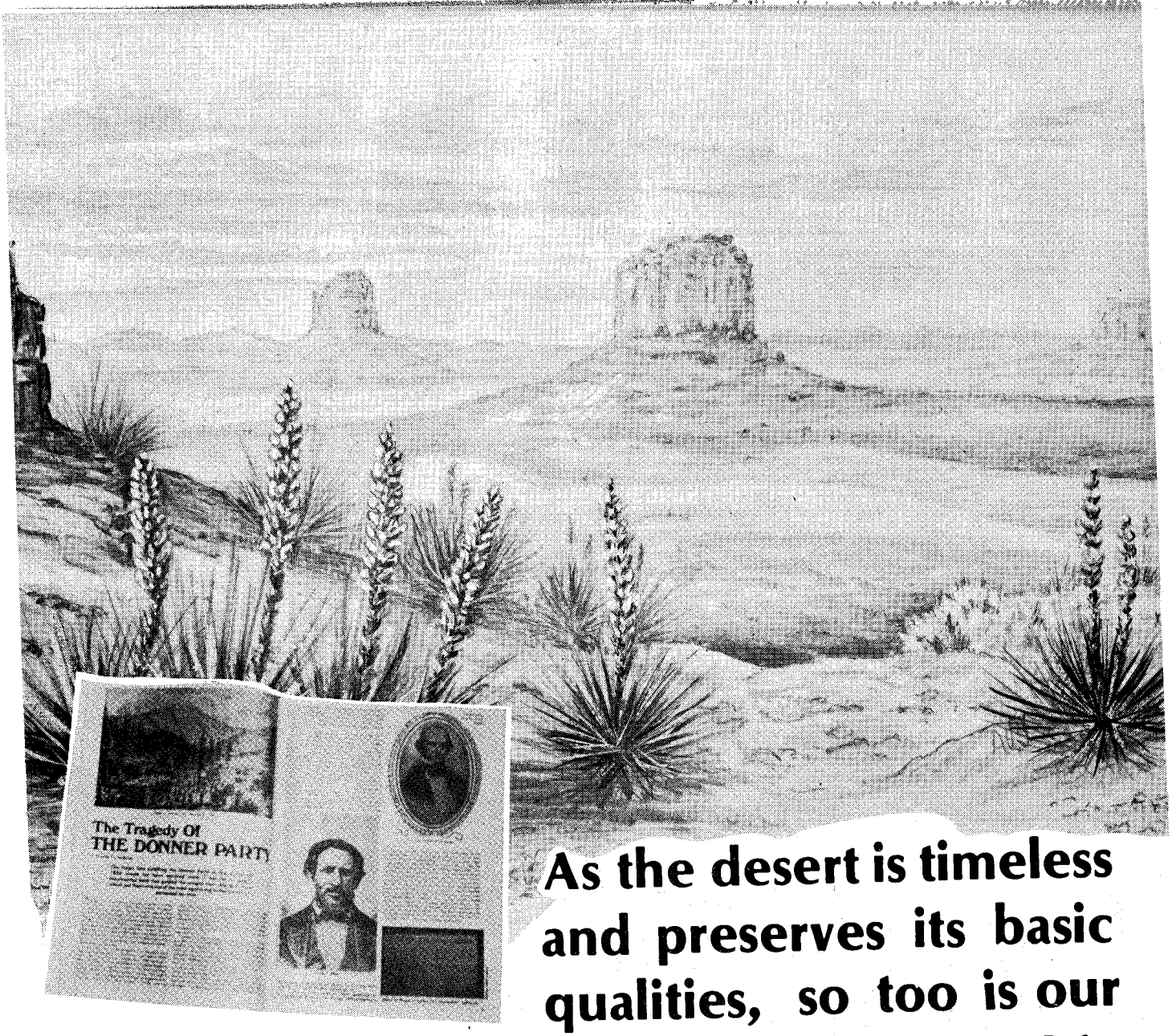

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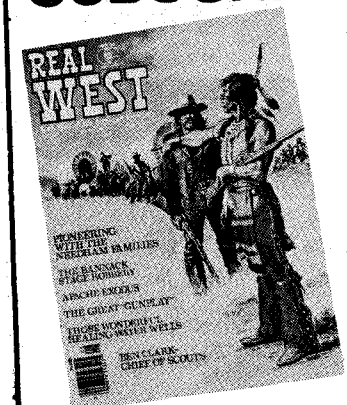

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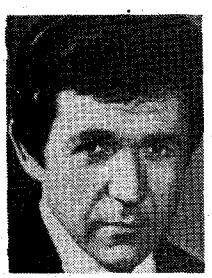

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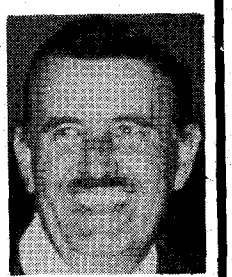

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Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

RELATIVE ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Dear Editor,

We purchased the May 1976 issue of REAL WEST last week, and were surprised to read the Coffeyville and San Fernando story.

My mother's sister is the widow of Ben Mushaney and visits us every year. She lives in California, as does her daughter; her son lives in Oregon. I wrote her to purchase the magazine. We really enjoy your publication.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Willis Castle
R.R. #1
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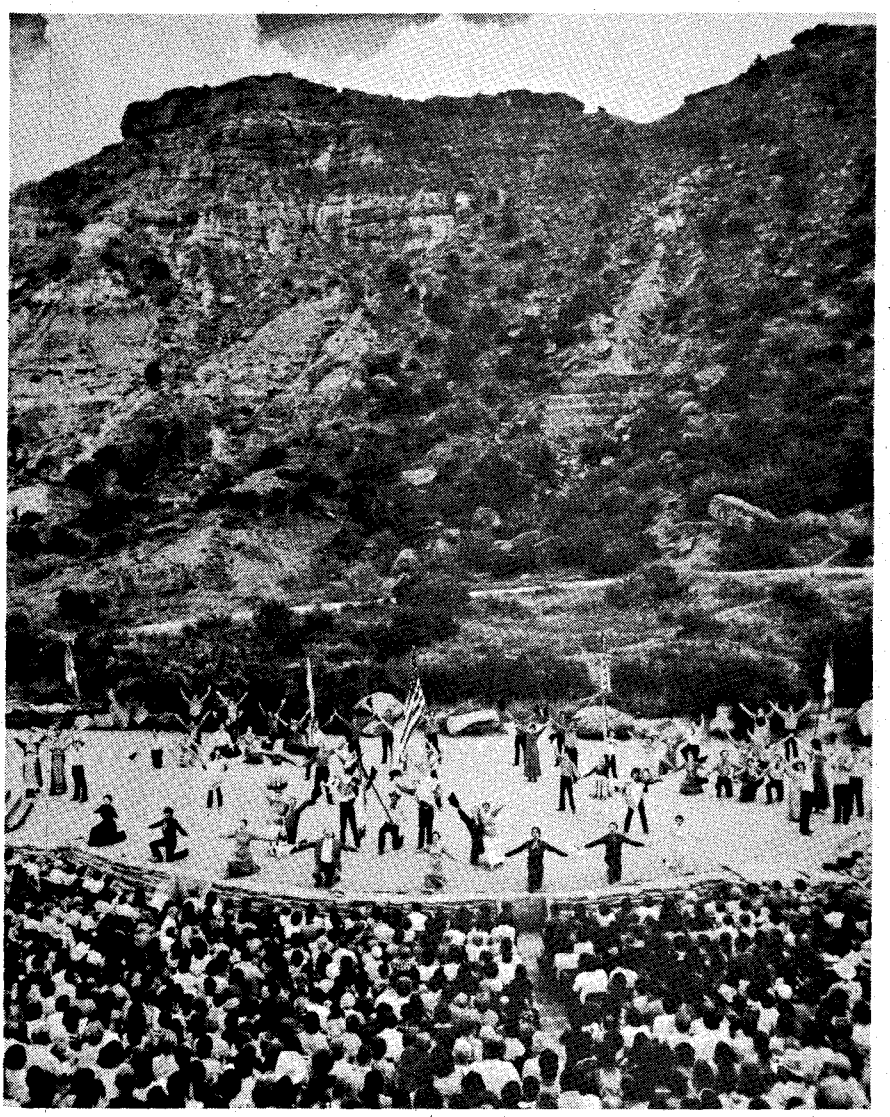

Canyon, Texas ... 1976 is the year for memories: flags whipping in the wind, bugles, horses galloping, washboards, axes, plains, cliffs, twilight, darkness, well water, chuck wagons.

"Texas," the musical drama of Panhandle history, will sharpen these memories and help you to relive them from June 16 through August 21, nightly except Sundays. There will be a July 4th performance.

This will be the eleventh season for the drama of Panhandle history. It will be the eleventh year when visitors will have a chance to know the year that the trains came here. It will be the eleventh year when lightning strikes each evening at ten o'clock and the eleventh year when prairie fires sweep across the stage in the persons of whirling, mounting, flame-robed dancers.

Over three - quarters of a million people have seen "Texas"; 92,000 of them came last year.

The theater for the production lies on the floor of a thousand - foot canyon in the Palo Duro Canyon State Park. It is a forty - five - minute drive from the five interstate highways which cross in Amarillo, from an airport serving five airlines, and from two transcontinental bus lines.

The location is awesome, a place of great beauty. The barbecue dinner on the grounds, the welcoming western hosts and hostesses, the movement and color and intensity of the music and dance and drama in the show will intensify old memories and add new ones.

Come to "Texas"! For tickets and information, write "Texas," Box 268, Canyon, Texas 79015, or call 806-655-2182.

Mrs. Ples Harper, P.R.

RE WETZEL BIOGRAPHY

Dear Editor,

Since my letter was published in the Jan. 1975 issue of your magazine in response to the article, "Lew Wetzel, Greatest Indian Fighter," I have received an enormous amount of letters asking about my biography of Lewis

(continued on page 53)

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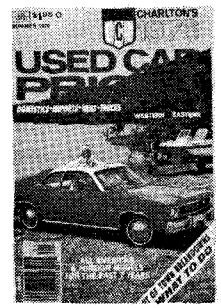

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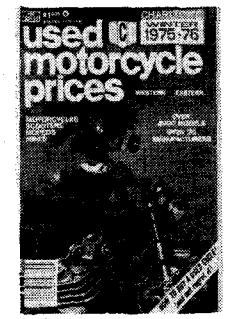

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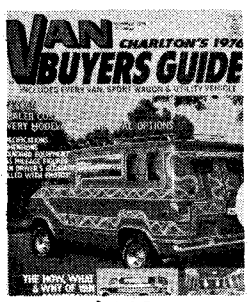

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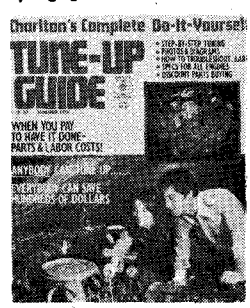
The use of vans, sport wagons and utility vehicles as family cars is as outstanding a phenomenon as Detroit has ever seen. A host of magazines on vans and "truckin' " in general have come out in the last few months, but no buying guide to these vehicles. CHARLTON's 1976 VAN BUYERS GUIDE will cover *every* van, sport wagon and utility vehicle (both foreign and domestic) available in the U.S. Specs, dimensions, standard equipment, and comments on usage for every model ... PLUS wholesale and retail prices for every model and all principal options. *Filled with photos. In addition, there are feature articles on the wacky* world of van conversion, CB radio, a glossary of van and trucking terms, sources of supply and much, much more. It is the *only* van buying guide available.



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Courtesy Jed Wilson & Lemhi tribe of Shoshone Indians

Jed Wilson, in April, 1974, holding .50-caliber Kentucky rifle, and wearing buckskin outfit, beaded belt and skunk-hide hat, all handmade by his Shoshone friends. Buckskin gloves with solid beadwork forming pictures on gauntlets were made by Cora George at age 16, and traded by her father to Jed's father for a horse.

JED WILSON:
Young Blood Brother Of The Shoshones

by Ethel Kimball

Fanny Silvers held the piece of soft buckskin in her lap, her old hands skillfully fashioning an intricate design with colorful beads, and she listened with pleasure to the muffled pounding overhead. Maybe she was a Shoshone widow who was considered ancient by some, and maybe winter was almost here, but she knew she didn't have to worry about being snug and warm. Even now her strong, well-loved son was repairing the roof of her tiny, one-roomed dwelling here at the Indian village on the outskirts of Salmon City, Idaho. And she knew he would watch over her during the long, cold time ahead, making sure she had wood for her stove and food to cook on it.

The son was contented, too. He enjoyed doing things for her, and the close companionship they'd developed through the years was a wonderful part of his life. For several hours on this fine fall day he had been industriously working on the roof, but suddenly the hammer was quiet in his hand. A big car had just driven into the camp, and two white strangers got out to walk to the house of his friends, Lois and Alfred Navo. From his vantage point he could see that both men were well dressed, but their long hair and bewhiskered faces were very out of place in this isolated mountain town. That might be the new style for city dudes, but here that growth of hair was associated only with pictures of hippies, and that thought alarmed the entire camp.

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He could hear their voices but couldn't tell what was being said until one of them asked, "Who is that fellow on the roof over there?"

"Oh, that's just Fanny's son," Alfred Navo answered. "He's our *dit - a - coni - tivo*," using the Shoshone word for lawman.

As their curiosity drew them nearer to her house, Fanny stepped outside. Her old face, like weathered parchment, showed no trace of any emotion as one of the strangers called up to her son, "Will you come down here for a minute?"

With the easy grace of a wild animal the man dropped to the ground. As he turned to face them, the strangers' emotions certainly did show — one of utter surprise. A slim, prematurely gray - headed man stood before them, an amused grin spreading over his handsome features, and a silver star on his shirt winked at the sun.

"Yeah, I'm white," he answered their unasked question. "My name's Jed Wilson, and I'm Deputy Sheriff of Lemhi County."

Then it was his turn to be surprised, because the two 'hippies' turned out to be college professors, one from the University of Utah at Salt Lake City, and the other from Idaho State University. They told him they'd come to the Indian camp, seeking help in their study of the Shoshone language. The older of the two was Swedish, and he added that he was also completing a dictionary of the Bannock tongue, which was dying fast and in danger of being lost forever.

Another project of the Utah school was an Indian museum. The professors had truly struck a gold mine when they ran into Jed Wilson, for he had a collection to be envied by the best of them, and he, too, had spent years on a Shoshone dictionary. Their meeting in this unexpected way was rewarding for all three of the white men, and later for the Navos when the Shoshone couple went on a two-weeks' all - expense - paid trip to the University to help name and catalogue items in that museum.

It was no accident that Jed was an authority on Indians, and definitely not just by chance that he'd overcome their natural distrust of all whites. More than a hobby, his association with them was almost his life's work. Born in 1930 at Salmon City, the nearest town that had a doctor, he was about 70 years late for the kind of life he would be most interested in. But he was lucky to live in the last untamed country left in the U.S., because his parents, Bill and Adele Wilson, owned a ranch on the edge of what is now Idaho's famous Wilderness Area. Located at Meyers Cove, about 60 miles west of Salmon City, it was known as the Three Forks Ranch, for it had once been a large Indian camp where three streams, Camas creek, Silver creek and West Fork joined on their tempestuous journey to the rugged Middlefork of the River of No Return.

Bill had first come into this country in 1919 when he went on cattle drives with his father. Then, when he and Adele were married in 1923, they settled at the beautiful Cove. He was postmaster for years at this small outpost, and many colorful old prospectors and mountain men knew their only touch of civilization at his home.

During the summer months each year, members of the Lemhi Indians, who had been moved to the reservation at Fort Hall during 1907, made their way across the lava desert to Howe on the Little Lost river, then on up the Little Lost to drop over into the Pahsimeroi river valley and go down to its confluence with the Salmon river. Here they cached their wagons, packed their horses and forded the river to head westward back into the mountains, once again free for a short time to follow their ancient way of living. Chinook salmon were plentiful in Camas creek, and the surrounding mountains held much game to be dried and stored for winter. To add to their good fortune, they knew they were always welcome at the white men's settlement run by their friend, Bill.

Courtesy Jed Wilson & Lemhi tribe of Shoshone Indians

Fanny Silver's lovely old face is a true study of an Indian's inscrutable expression. At age 74 in 1971, is she remembering how it was in yesteryear, or looking to the future, across the Sand Hills to the Happy Hunting Grounds?

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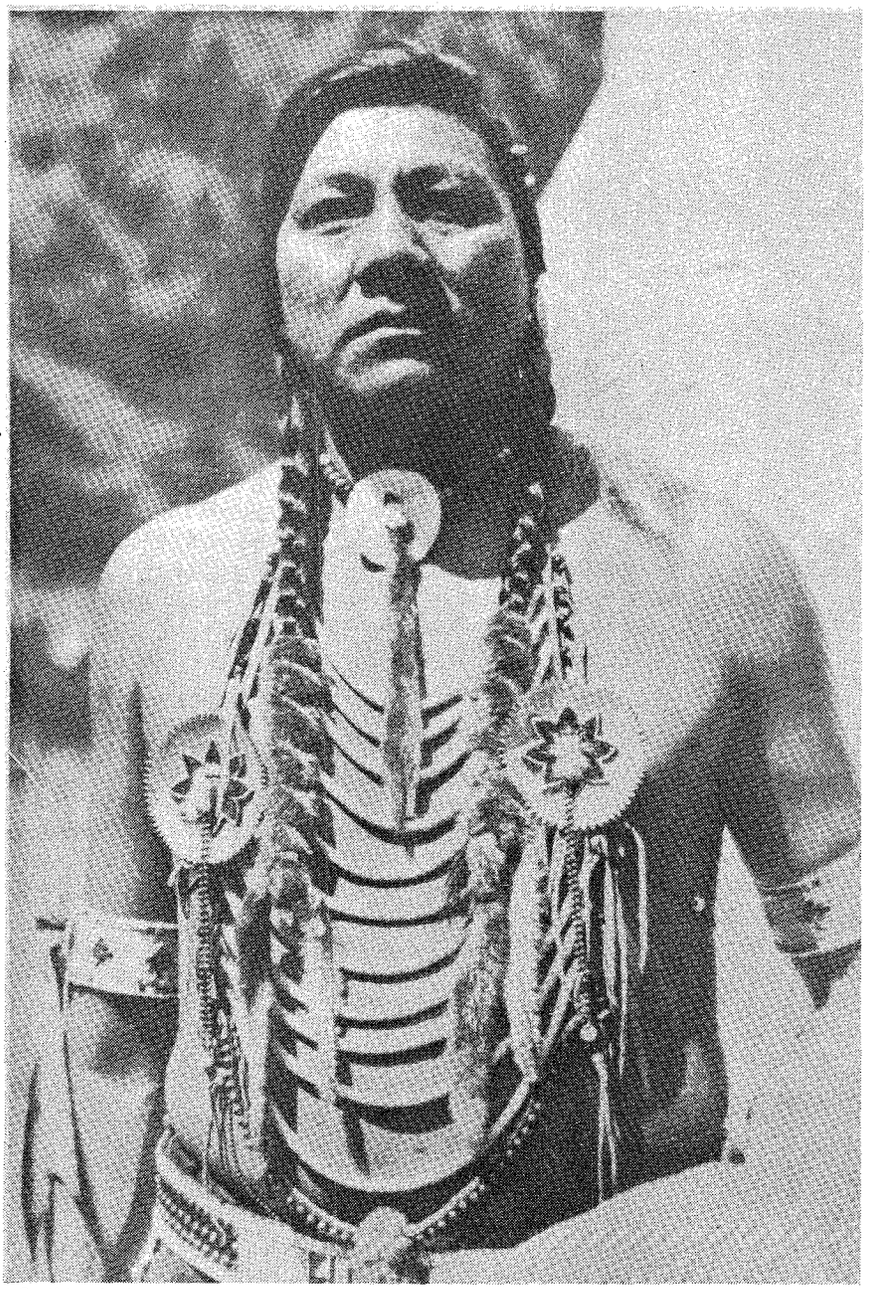

Courtesy Jed Wilson & Lemhi tribe of Shoshone Indians

Strikingly handsome, Willie George at about the time he toured Europe with Buffalo Bill.

Life wasn't easy for the Wilsons, but they neither expected nor asked it to be. Not unlike their pioneering forefathers, they accepted this rough, lonely land on its own terms. They wanted a cattle ranch and were willing to work for it.

Three children, Elaine, Jed and Don, were born to them. They were sturdy, healthy youngsters, but as they reached school age a minor problem emerged. The nearest school was some 20 miles away at Forney, where the accumulated students from scattered ranches numbered from three to thirteen during the years. The Wilsons solved the situation by getting a small place near the school where Mrs. Wilson could stay with her children during each year's term.

The schoolhouse was a one-room building, heated by a wood stove, with outside plumbing, two cloak closets and an old pump organ. Jed especially remembers that organ because he put a toad in it one day, and then completely forgot about it until it began to raise such a stink that a search was organized!

When Jed was still very young, he found an arrowhead on the path to their house, and with it he also discovered a compelling urge within himself that led him to spend every free moment searching for more remains from a forgotten yesterday. Since this area had once been an important camp, he knew there had to be many signs of their having been there through the years, and he soon proved his theory. In spading the garden he unearthed many treasures, which he carefully cleaned and stored in his room. An old birch willow at Dry Gulch yielded a papoose board that had hung on a limb through unnumbered seasons. This *on - ha - ko - no,* as it was called by the Shoshone, was hewn from fir, weathered and worn, but still bore the marks from the tools with which it was shaped.

He became a shrewd trader, too, swapping whatever he could for things the visiting Indians had. He also kept his eye on the items his father had acquired, especially coveting a pair of buckskin gloves that had solid beadwork on the gauntlets. The bright beads formed roses to frame an Indian rider on a bucking pinto horse. Many times Jed listened in fascination as his father told how he'd traded a good horse to Bear Hat, a Shoshone brave in high standing, for that pair of gloves. And eventually he did talk his father out of them! The older man knew the gloves would be cherished, and he, too, had an active interest in Indian relics, regretting not having taken care of some three- and four-foot lengths of sagebrush ropes he had found along the Middlefork. He'd since learned that the Sheepeaters seemed to have been the only tribe that used the long, outer bark of the native sage to weave ropes.

Although the ranch had begun as a cattle spread, money was scarce in those first years, and the Wilsons may have wondered if they were going to be able to stick it out. And then something new began coming into the country. Out - of - state sportsmen heard, by word of mouth, about the wild beauty ever present in this primitive section of Idaho, and in their search for a way to share it, they found the Three Forks Ranch. The terms 'dude wrangler' and 'outfitter - guide' hadn't been coined as yet, but that's just what Bill found himself to be. Before long he had all the dudes he could handle each year, plus running a couple strings of pack horses with 20 head to the string. Money was no longer a problem!

Adele cooked for these paying guests while they were at the home place, then she and the children did the ranch work while Bill packed the dudes the 20 fantastically scenic miles by trail to the now - famous Middlefork country to hunt and fish. Two world - renowned authors, Zane Grey and Ernest Hemingway, were among the guests who made a most lasting impression on her, partly because of the extreme differences between them. Grey arrived with his usual entourage, but didn't set up the 'Persian tent village' he was so well known for, since the crew could take over the

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bunkhouse. Adele found him a cold, aloof person, and didn't particularly enjoy cooking and caring for him and his crowd. Hemingway was a notoriously rough talker, but he was warm and friendly, making a much nicer person to have around.

As the children got older, they also got in on the dude wrangling, and there wasn't a place from Vinegar Hill to the Big Horn Crags that they didn't cover many times. It was on these trips that Jed first had a chance to explore the old Indian caves and the teepee rings left by a vanished race of people. Digging within these rings and around the long-cold campfires turned up many treasures, always lovingly hoarded by the white boy.

Spare time was rare, but every moment of it found Jed back in the Middlefork country. An outdoor writer named Ferris Weddle of Lewiston, Idaho, had a month-long stay at an isolated ranch along the river in August 1949, during which time he met Jed. He later wrote of the encounter, in brief condensation: "Tranquility is a part of the wilderness spirit and it is a part of the youth that rides up the trails like slender, dark-eyed Jed Wilson, who wandered in one day riding leisurely astride a dark horse and leading a pack horse. Lean and supple as a pine sapling, he hunted the relics and souvenirs of yesterday's Indian campfire sites, and might be gone from his ranch home a week or two weeks, living largely off the land.

"Jed had many tales to tell — about cats, bears, varied other wildlife, fishing, camping and the latest 'news' about ranch families and others along the Middle Fork which was, in a sense, the Broadway of the wilderness. What impressed me most was his zestful nonchalance about such a trek, his obvious competence in taking care of himself. His was a spirit as untamed and natural as that of the golden eagles soaring over the wilderness country. When he rode away down the trail, the dark - haired, laughing boy left memories behind him, for wilderness folks don't forget their own."

While Indian relics always stayed uppermost in his mind, Jed literally stumbled onto another branch of history while kicking around in the logs and boards of a dilapidated barn that had served as a stable for a stagecoach station at Forney. In the ruins he found an aged .50-.70 Springfield rifle that had been converted from a muzzleloader of 1863 vintage. That started him off, and today he has a collection that has won him many trophies. Not only does he own rare and priceless guns. but he has learned to be an expert gunsmith because, as he puts it, "I won't keep one that can't speak for itself."

It may have seemed possible for a time that 'shooting irons' would displace his love for Indian products, but he soon learned that much history of both races was written in gunsmoke, and the two but complimented each other.

Basically a part of the first two, his third collection was the gathering of Indian words. Through the encouragement of an old-timer named Tull Dunlap, a Shoshone dictionary began to take shape while Jed was still in grade school. This project was inadvertently helped by his sister, Elaine, who was now old enough to enter high school, necessitating rental of a small house in Salmon City where Mrs. Wilson could stay with her brood during its term. And here was an Indian village with Shoshone - Bannocks in year-round residency!

As recorded in 1959 by Keith Barrette, former newspaper editor now retired and free - lancing at his present home of Blythe, California, "Jed Wilson was prompted to compile a dictionary as an aid in identifying his extensive collection of Indian relics and artifacts. But when he first began, the Indians would hardly talk to him, and many times the door of a dwelling was slammed in his face. When he finally convinced them that his mission was a harmless one, they gradually began to respond.

"It was not long before Wilson realized that a dictionary of Shoshone would not only be a valuable tool in his work as a collector, but also as a means of helping to preserve the tongue. He learned, during his visits to the Indian camp, that the Shoshones themselves realize their language is being forgotten and are concerned over the prospect. Many of the older members have forgotten parts of their language through disuse. They are also afraid that many of their ways and customs, not to mention arts and crafts, will be forgotten. As a result, Wilson has undertaken a project closely related — he is recording the ways of the Shoshone just as the elders of the camp tell them to him."

And all this time Jed was swapping and buying and searching for more artifacts. He remembers walking down Main street one day, wearing a brand new hat, and seeing an old Indian standing on the corner with a battered beaver hat on his head. Eagerly Jed approached him and asked in his best Shoshone if the brave would trade him for it. Off guard by this young white boy, the Indian grinned and was soon walking away with a too - little but stylish white man's hat perched on his black hair. Proudly Jed ran home with the beaver one, and later stated, "My mother simply had a fit! She jerked that hat off my head and proceeded to show me the wads of chewing gum and other filth that was stuck and gooked up in the fur. But I cleaned it up and wore it!"

By the time Jed entered Ricks College at Rexburg, Idaho, he still had the beaver hat (it fit better now, too!) and a new, beautiful buckskin outfit to wear with it, made by the friends he'd finally made at the In-

Courtesy Jed Wilson & Lemhi tribe of Shoshone Indians

Cora George sits on mountainside and peels her traditional bitterroot. It will be dried and used similar to white man's macaroni.

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dian camp. Several articles were written about him during his freshman year, accompanied by pictures of him in his unusual clothing, which he wore at every opportunity.

When college ended that spring of 1950, Jed came home and married Donna Lee, with whom he'd fallen in love before he left for school. "She had to take all my stuff with me," he says, but in all seriousness she was very proud of it and most cooperative in helping care for it. And now that he had his own home on a ranch at Salmon City, the Indians pulled a switch: they started visiting him! His friends from the local camp were first, but eventually the Fort Hall Reservation people were also coming, and then others from more distant places and differing tribes. They immediately accepted Donna, too, and she did her best to make them feel welcome.

They were all fascinated by Jed's collection, but many of the items were strange even to them. Thanks to his tireless research, Jed could identify everything he had and tell them how it had been made, such as the ancient 'squaw saddle' with the forks made of elk horn and the tree covered by buffalo hide, and the secret of unlocking a particular set of steal - proof horse hobbles.

One of his most distinguished visitors was Willie George, a Shoshone from the Boise area, and from him Jed got one of his most prized possessions. Willie had first become famous when he won the title of world champion bronc rider at Madison Square Garden. Also an expert trick roper, he joined Buffalo Bill's traveling troupe, touring England and Europe with them. Later he had an important role in the film *Covered Wagon.*

As Jed remembers meeting him for the first time about 20 years ago, "We asked him and his wife, Cora, who was a Lemhi Shoshone, for supper one night, and I was very impressed by his appearance. He was over 70 by then, but had no gray hair — it hung in two long black braids. He walked real straight, was dignified and quiet, and you could sure learn a lot when he talked."

What clinched a friendship was the expression on Cora's face as they walked into the front room. There on the wall was the pair of beaded buckskin gloves Jed had gotten from his father, and the minute she saw them she burst into excited talk with her husband. When she calmed down, she explained to Jed and Donna that she had made those gloves for her father when she was 16 years old, and remembered his trading them for a horse. From then on, there was no restraint or signs of the natural reluctance of Indians to converse with white people.

During the evening, Willie George showed them a 'Peace and Friendship Medallion,' which was one of the two dozen distributed by the Lewis and Clark expedition in 1805. From that time on, the one given to the Shoshones had been handed down, not from father to son, but to the best man in each generation. Willie had had it for many years! Donna asked him who he intended to leave it with when the time came — and instantly regretted asking. The sudden flicker of raw pain in the old man's dark eyes brought tears to her own. Sadly he said that he just didn't know; his tribe had split up, and so many of the younger generation were drinking and wasting their lives, that he knew of none who was truly worthy of the medallion.

The upshot of that evening was that Jed ended up owning the medallion, partly because he was an exceptional trader, but mostly because Willie was very impressed by Jed's collection and wanted the priceless treasure to be seen and taken care of at the same time. Needless to say, it is certainly getting care!

In later years, Jed's strongest red-white friendship developed from the same connection when a cousin of Cora's moved into the Indian camp with her husband. Their names were Fanny and Toe-nip Silvers, and by their request Jed became a frequent visitor at their small, one-room house. Toe-nip had been sick for a long time, and as his condition got worse, Fanny started sending for Jed about every day, telling him that her husband was ready to go to the Happy Hunting Grounds, and asking how long Jed thought it would be before Toe-nip could leave.

Jed answered every call with sympathetic understanding, and Toe-nip did start his journey before very long. At his death, Jed took some poles to the camp, where they immediately set up a tent. Resplendent in beaded burial clothes, Toe-nip was placed in a white man's coffin, which is only a recent concession by Shoshones, but he was laid out in an Indian tent and kept there for two days so his friends and relatives from Fort Hall Reservation could come and see him. Day and night they mourned and chanted, with never a letup.

Again Fanny sent for Jed, asking him to take pictures of her husband, something they shy away from during life because they think it takes their souls away. Then, when it came time to go to the cemetery for burial, Fanny got her favorite granddaughter and asked Jed to drive the lead car for them. Such an honor is seldom bestowed on a white man!

After the burial, all of Toe-nip's possessions were put in the tent, and then it was taken down and set afire. Jed thinks this custom may be a carry - over from the days of smallpox epidemics, when burning a victim's personal effects was one way to be sure the germ was dead, too.

Another funeral Jed was invited to attend was that of an old friend, Hattie Ariwite, when once again he was sent for to take photos, both at the camp and again at her grave. At the cemetery he took the pictures, then stepped back out of the way as her many friends and relatives passed her coffin to talk to her, shake hands and tell her goodbye. But when they missed him, they called him to come talk to her, too, for he had been a good friend.

Then the Indians arranged the shawls and Pendleton blankets just a certain way over Hattie; and her son, Leo, stepped up with a long rose branch to lay full length over her before the casket was closed. (Jed later asked Fanny what the branch was for, and she told him it was to keep the evil spirits away.)

Now the white funeral director nodded to the Indians, indicating he would take over from there. They didn't move. Jed could tell they weren't ready to leave yet, but the director didn't know what they wanted. Finally he asked if they would like to see the casket lowered, and they silently nodded their heads. However, even when that was done, they still weren't going anyplace. There was nothing to do but call for the dump truck to fill the grave, which he did, and then they were willing to go. It was so very obvious that years of grave - robbing by white men had filled their hearts with a distrust that would never die.

In later questioning of Fanny and other of the elder Indians, Jed learned that possessions buried with them (especially in olden times, but still true today in only a slightly less extent) are always for a reason. For instance, they believe they have to ride through the 'Sand Hills' to get to the Happy Hunting Grounds, which meant they should have a stout horse

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and a good saddle because sand was mighty hard to ride through. If they had any gold coins, these were placed under their eyelids.

And, since they should look their very best, they prepare in advance the clothes they will wear. Fanny herself has an old trunk which contains her burial clothes, and she looks forward to the day she will wear them. Many times Jed has teased her about a beautiful pair of moccasins in the trunk, saying how he'd like to have them for his collection. Fanny, hating to deny her 'son' anything, always asks if he would put them on her feet when she dies, and Jed in all honesty answers, "Well, I don't know whether I would or not." The moccasins are still in the trunk!

Fanny got sick not long ago, and immediately sent for her 'son.' When he came, he talked her into entering the hospital, an experience entirely alien to her way of life. However, she did agree to go, but pointed down to the rug and said, '*Napias,*' which means money. Jed found $400 rolled up in that rug! She told him to take care of it for her, and then she meekly rode to the hospital with him. Leaving her in the receiving room, he went back to his duties at the sheriff's office only to get a call from the hospital a short time later, pleading for help. Everything was new and strange to Fanny, and she wouldn't even tell the doctors what was wrong until Jed got there to relay her symptoms of headaches and a numbness in one side of her body.

A few days later, she summoned Jed again, this time asking for magazines with Indian pictures in them, which they all dearly love to look at. He bought some western historical magazines and took to her — to be met with yet another request. She was feeling better, so would he pick out a pretty nightgown for her to wear? Jed went for Donna to select the gown, and Fanny was very pleased. When she was well enough to go home, Jed built a fire in her stove to have the house warm, and then went to the hospital to get her.

But he was worried about the money she was hiding in her house. It would be so easy for her to be robbed — a typical lawman's feeling. So he urged her to put her money in the bank, and after much talking she was convinced. But she made some stipulations: when she needed cash, Jed was to make out the check, she would put her mark, an X, on it, and he would sign his name below that. He agreed, and the arrangement has worked out well — especially when someone who is not too reliable wants to borrow money from her. Then she says, "Well, you'll have to see the deputy sheriff about it." That ends that!

Most of the Indians, including the ones at Fort Hall, come to Jed when it is time for their drivers' licenses, because they know they will be treated with respect. One particular woman from Fort Hall, named Tinnavo, will probably never use the license, but she insisted she have one. Jed had known her for a long time, and had often kidded her about selling him a beautiful beaded belt buckle she owned. When she appeared for her test, she was a bit confused — she had been born in May of 1907, along Birch creek during a dark night while the Lemhi Indians were being moved from their native land to Fort Hall. She had been named Tin-navo, meaning 'writing on the rocks,' because of the extensive Indian writings found in that area, but she had no idea what the exact date was.

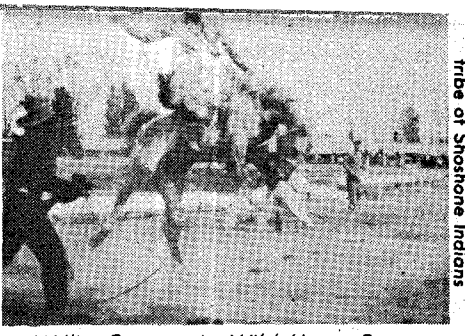
"Well, I'll give you my birthday, May 4," Jed said. "That's a good date, isn't it?"

Tin-navo beamed as she accepted her new birthday, and after she had paid for her driver's license, she sold the belt buckle to Jed.

Jed and Donna and their five children moved to Montana for a few years, during which time his collections and the dictionary saw no progress. But on their return to the Salmon river country, the first thing they did was to build a large room onto their ranch house in which to display their magnificent possessions. Now Jed says, "We thought the room was big at first, but my Indian things are getting very crowded. I guess we'll have to enlarge it, or build on another one."

Willie George has gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds, but his wife, Cora, still comes to visit her cousin Fanny, and she always looks forward to the spring when 'Fanny's son' takes them out to dig the traditional bitterroot, which they dry and use as a white man does macaroni. The two old ladies, in return, keep their eyes open among their people for any artifact he might want, and find much joy in pouring over his Indian pictures and all the other things in his museum, as they happily munch the buttered popcorn Donna makes for them.

Eight years ago Jed began working with the law, first as a city policeman and later as deputy sheriff, which delighted the residents of the Indian



Courtesy Jed Wilson & Lemhi tribe of Shoshone Indians

Willie George in Wild Horse Race, Blackfoot, Idaho.

village. Often he caught them and their visitors at a gambling game when he went to visit, and teased about arresting them for breaking the law. But even more often, he got talked into joining one of their ancient games! Jed is now Chief of Police in Salmon City.

During any celebration he is invited to participate, dancing their tribal rituals or whatever they decide to do. Once, at the white men's annual Salmon River Days festivities over the 4th of July, Main street was blocked off for the Indian 'Round Dance,' and Jed, clad in his buckskins, was right in the middle of it. An out - of - state lady tourist stopped him to ask what his name was. "Oh, I'm old meat - in - the - pot," Jed replied. Then he heard another lady dude whisper to the first one, "He's not really an Indian. He's just a half-breed; I can tell."

A few years ago, Jed chairmanned a committee to try and get better housing for the local Shoshone, but there was nothing except closed doors to run into. The land where their camp is located has been given merely as a life estate for the remaining stragglers of the once mighty Lemhi tribes, and without clear title there is no way the government agencies will help them. On the Reservation there are many plans to assist in housing, but the proud Lemhis would rather live in poverty in their homeland than to stay in riches in a country that will forever be strange to them.

Another thing that bothers him is the fact there is nothing for the younger ones to do. "As the older ones keep dying off, the younger ones keep moving out," he says. "Pretty soon there will be no trace left here of the people who once owned this entire country, and lived in it proudly and wisely."

Inevitably the day will come when this sad prophecy will come true. But preserved for all time will be their language and many hundreds of their ways, customs, arts and crafts. Thanks to Jed Wilson, young blood brother of the Shoshones. ● **RW**

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If retired train robbers of the 1890s had ever gotten together to compare notes, quite a few of them would have had one thing in common: the name of one of the arresting officers, John Thacker.

JOHN THACKER
Train Robbers' Nemesis

by
John Boessenecker

Wells, Fargo & Company, during its many years of operation in the turbulent American frontier, employed large numbers of brave and dedicated men to protect their express shipments from the depredations of train and stagecoach robbers. The chief of this force of detectives and shotgun messengers was the brilliant James B. Hume, and under him served such veteran fighting men as Bob Paul of Arizona, undercover agent Fred Dodge, the incredible Jeff Milton, and, of course, Special Officer John Thacker, for thirty years the nemesis of train robbers in California and the Southwest.

Jonathan N. Thacker was born in 1837 and at the age of sixteen left his home in Missouri for the California goldfields. In the early 1860s Thacker settled near Winnemucca, Nevada, where his career in law enforcement began. In November 1868, he was elected sheriff of Humboldt County. In 1873 he married Sarah E. Thacker at Marysville, California; she bore him two sons, Eugene and William. Two years later, in 1875, he was appointed special officer for Wells Fargo under Chief Detective Jim Hume in San Francisco.

Thacker's job was to investigate thefts against the company, and there were plenty of them. Between 1870 and 1884 armed robbers hit Wells Fargo shipments 355 times. Sometimes the bandits escaped with huge sums of money. Other times they rode away empty-handed, as in the case of the Montello train robbers.

On the night of January 22, 1883, a Central Pacific passenger train was held up at Montello in eastern Nevada. The bandits were Frank Francis, Ornis Nay, and Frank Hawley, all stage robbers from Utah, and two nineteen - year old cowboys, Erastus Anderson and Sylvester Earl.

The robbery was a failure because the Wells Fargo guard, Aaron Ross, although shot three times in an exchange of rifle fire with the outlaws, refused to open the express car. The outlaws gave up and fled on horseback into Utah.

A week later, on January 28, the gang was run to earth near Antelope Mountain, fifty miles northeast of Deseret, by a seventeen - man posse of Nevada and Utah officers led by John Thacker and Sheriff Turner of Provo. In the hills north of a deserted corral in Tooele County, Sheriff Turner spotted Frank Hawley and Ornis Nay, both well armed, and ordered them to surrender. Their reply was a hail of lead. Hearing the gunfire, Thacker and the possemen galloped up, and a wild gun battle ensued. The outlaws used their horses for cover, but the lawmen killed the animals. Hawley was wounded in the left leg and Nay was shot through the left lung. This took the fight out of them, and the two badmen surrendered.

The next morning Thacker and his men raided the gang's cabin hide-out at Antelope Mountain and captured Earl, Anderson, and Francis. The five train robbers were returned to Nevada to stand trial, where they pleaded guilty and were all sentenced to terms in the Nevada State Prison.

A few months later Thacker was hot on the trail of America's greatest stage robber, Charles E. Boles, better known as Black Bart, who held up twenty-nine stagecoaches in California. In November 1883, Black Bart bungled a robbery of the Sonora stage. Within a matter of days the combined detective work of Thacker, Jim Hume, Detective Harry Morse and Sheriff Ben Thorne led to the discovery of Bart's identity and his subsequent arrest, confession, and sentencing to San Quentin.

The most baffling train - robbery case John Thacker ever tackled was the mysterious holdup of a Wells Fargo express car while a Central Pacific train, that it was coupled to, was crossing California's Sierra Nevada Mountains. The holdup occurred on the night of December 24, 1888, when two bandits, Harry L. Gordon and his brother, George, crept onto a Central Pacific train when it stopped at Clipper Gap, a water stop about five miles north of Auburn in Placer County. The two bandits carried a pair of six-guns, two rope ladders, and an axe.

As the train pulled out, they climbed to the roof of the Wells Fargo car and fastened the rope ladders to the roof's edge. Then they dropped the ladders over the side of the car and climbed down until they had reached the windows above the side doors. The robbers then smashed open the windows with the axe and leaped inside.

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Wells Fargo Bank, History Room, San Francisco, California.

John Thacker, the train robbers' nemesis.

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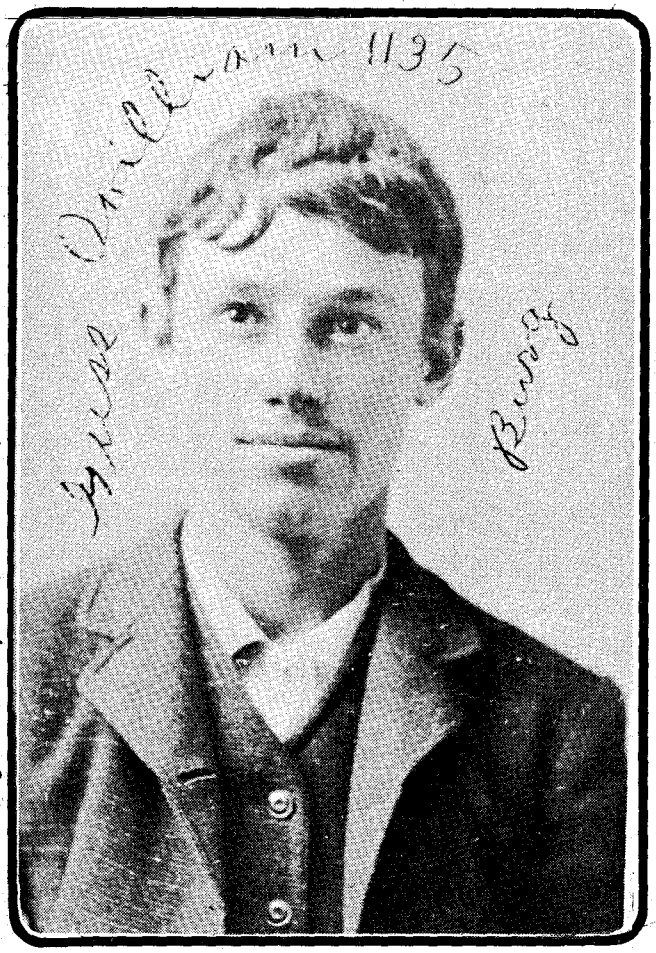
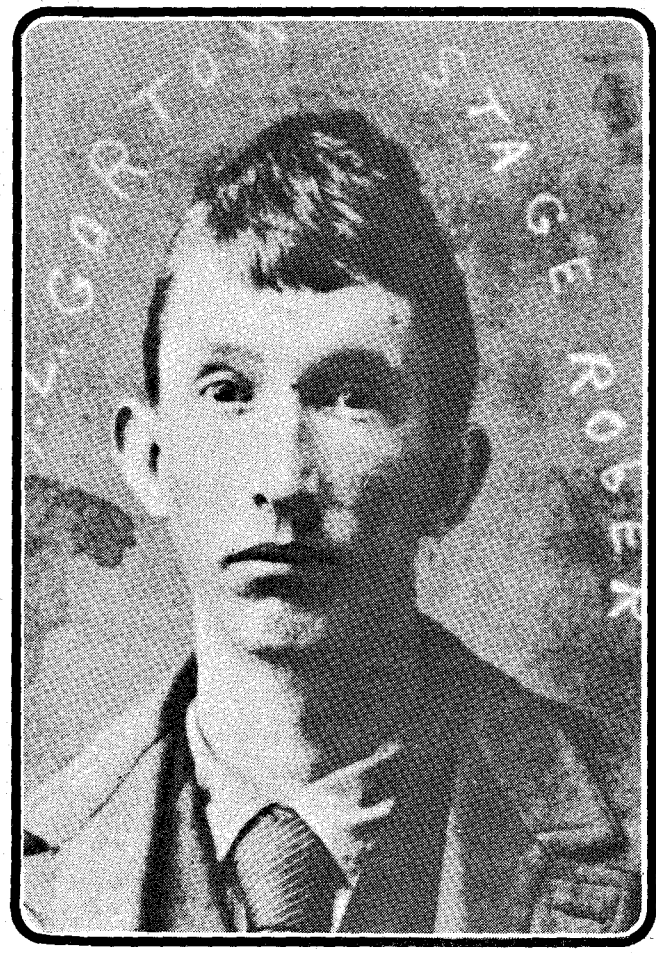


Wells Fargo Bank, History Room, San Francisco, California.

George Williams, who attempted to rob two trains in Sept. 1897. Thacker captured him and his partner, George Schlagal, after a manhunt in the San Joaquin River bottoms.



Wells Fargo Bank, History Room, San Francisco, California.

Harry Gordon, who engineered the mysterious Clipper Gap train robbery. John Thacker arrested him in Kansas, Feb. 22, 1889.

The messengers, Robert Johnson and A.M. Carpenter, were taken completely by surprise. Before they could gather their wits, the Gordon brothers had them covered with six-shooters. The robbers removed $5,000 from the safe, stuffed it into two grain sacks, and as the train was moving slowly up a grade near New England Mills, they climbed back out the windows, dropped to the ground, and disappeared.

When news of the holdup reached Thacker, he boarded a train with Jim Hume and arrived at New England Mills on Christmas afternoon. Thacker and Hume joined a score of other officers investigating the case.

The two messengers' tale of the robbery was so improbable that many of the officers believed that Johnson and Carpenter had stolen the money and dreamed up the story of a robbery to cover their guilt.

However, Thacker and Hume worked on the premise that the messengers were telling the truth. Slowly and carefully they dug for clues. As the weeks passed, most of the other officers gave up in disgust, preferring to think that Johnson and Carpenter were the real thieves.

Thacker and Hume, however, found a man who lived four miles from New England Mills and had hidden the bandits for $30. He had helped them make the two rope ladders and had supplied them with the axe used to gain entry to the Wells Fargo car.

Jim Hume was called off the case in order to investigate another crime, and now Thacker was left alone. Undaunted, he pressed on with his investigation.

Using a description of the robbers Thacker trailed them from Sacramento to Reno and then east on the railroad. Finally, after much searching, Thacker located Harry Gordon at his father's farm near Olathe, Kansas, and on February 22, 1889, arrested him for train robbery.

Gordon claimed that he had had nothing to do with the Clipper Gap robbery, but Thacker found $2,000 of the holdup loot in his possession. Thacker took his prisoner back to stand trial in Auburn. Gordon, still refusing to admit his guilt or name his accomplice, was convicted and sentenced to ten years in San Quentin. In August he finally confessed to Thacker, giving him full details of the robbery and naming his brother as his partner.

On August 20 John Thacker reported the details of the confession to the San Francisco newspapers. "Last week Tuesday I called on Gordon at the prison and he made a full confession. He expressed the desire that the matter be mentioned in the papers, because the two express messengers, Johnson and Carpenter, were treated so badly in the published accounts at the time of the robbery.

"The robbers were Harry Gordon, aged 20 years, and his brother, George Gordon, aged 30. They were smart young fellows, hailing from Southern Ohio. Soon after coming to this coast their mother died, and their father moved to Johnson County, Kansas. Gordon tells me he had been a thief and robber for ten years, and had stolen large sums of money, but spent it as fast as he got it. The brothers had robbed a stagecoach a short time before the Clipper Gap robbery. Both men were in San Francisco a few days before the robbery. They secured about $5,000, say $2500 apiece from the express car, and two days later separated. From that day to this all trace of George Gordon

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was lost; in fact we did not know that he was one of the men, or that he was in the state."

George Gordon eluded Thacker completely. In 1894 he was shot and killed by his partner, the notorious Edward F. Estelle, during a train robbery at Marcus, Illinois.

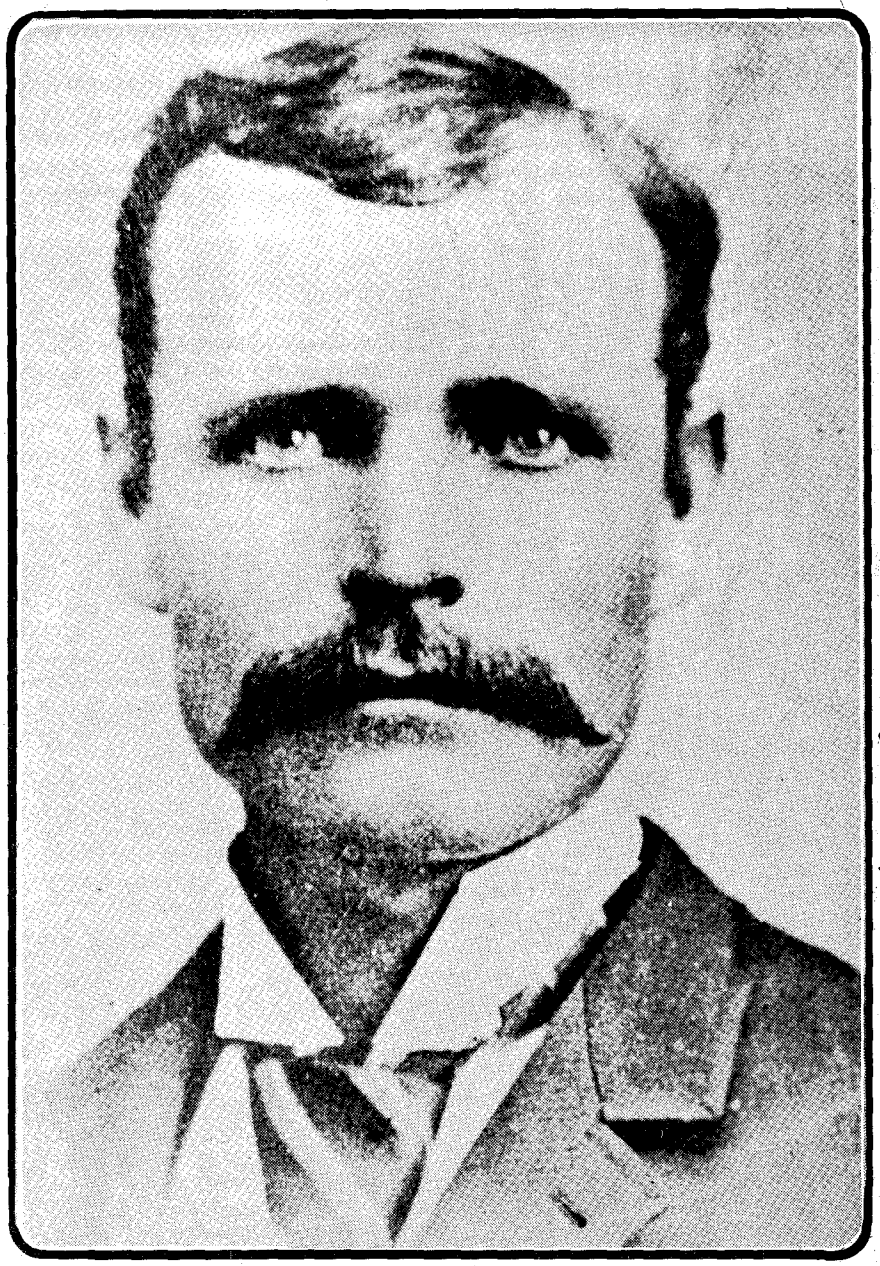
On May 14, 1892, John and Charlie Ruggles held up and robbed the Shasta-Redding stage at Henderson Gulch, killing the Wells Fargo guard, Buck Montgomery. Charlie was captured the next day and jailed at Redding, but John escaped and holed up in Woodland, a town north of Sacramento, where he had been raised.

On June 14 Ruggles entered a hardware store and bought a pistol and cartridges. The clerk recognized him and alerted local officers, who began keeping a quiet watch for the fugitive. John Thacker joined the hunt. On June 19 Ruggles' aunt, Mrs. Dexter, informed the officers that John would visit her home at four that afternoon. Thacker and local officers staked out the house, but their quarry didn't show up.

At 9:30 p.m. Deputy Sheriff David Wyckoff, a former schoolmate of Ruggles, spotted the outlaw entering the Opera Restaurant. While Thacker, Sheriff Weaver and Officer Armstrong waited outside, Deputy Wyckoff walked in and took a seat opposite Ruggles, who recognized the officer and tried to hide his face with a newspaper. At that, Wyckoff stood up, pulled his six-gun, and said, "John, I know you — surrender!"

Ruggles jumped to his feet and attempted to draw his six-shooter, but Wyckoff shot him in the neck. However, the outlaw was game and lunged for Wyckoff's pistol. The pair grappled, and Thacker, Weaver, and Armstrong burst into the restaurant and joined the fray. A violent scuffle broke out, with Ruggles, a large and powerful man, putting up a desperate fight. Finally the outlaw was overpowered, shackled with a pair of handcuffs, taken to Redding and lodged in the Shasta County jail with his brother, Charlie. The Ruggles were never tried for Buck Montgomery's murder, for on July 23 a mob broke into the jail and lynched them both.

A month later, in August, Thacker became embroiled in the controversial manhunt for train robbers Chris Evans and John Sontag in the San Joaquin Valley. This case took up much of his time until Sontag was slain in July 1893 and Evans sent to prison the following year.



Wells Fargo Bank, History Room, San Francisco, California.

John Ruggles, stage robber and murderer. He was captured by John Thacker and other officers at Woodland, Calif. on June 19, 1892.

On September 25, 1892, Chris Evans' wife, Molly, reported an interesting story about John Thacker to the San Francisco *Examiner*. A few weeks earlier, on August 8, Thacker and Tulare County Sheriff Eugene Kay had received a tip that Evans and Sontag were hiding out at Evans' homestead near Visalia. Thacker and Kay rode out to the farm around midnight, awoke Molly Evans and asked permission to search the barn and house. Thacker and the sheriff searched the farmhouse without waking the six Evans children. Meanwhile an ugly, armed mob, well fortified with liquor, gathered outside. Thacker and Kay found no trace of the fugitives and stepped outside to leave. The mob suddenly became brave when they discovered that the outlaws were not present.

"Burn up the barn!" one man in the mob yelled.

"Let's shoot through the house!" another shouted, to the terror of Mrs. Evans whose children were sleeping inside.

"So we will!" cried others, and the mob began to surge through the front gate, led by a man with a gun.

John Thacker stepped in front of the leader as he entered the gate and shoved the muzzle of his shotgun against the man's temple.

"Drop your gun quick," Thacker ordered. "If you make a motion to fire through that house I'll blow your damned brains out."

The man immediately complied, and Thacker's prompt action took the fight out of the mob.

Evans and Sontag were only two of

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the many train robbers that plagued Wells Fargo at this time. During the 1890s there were more train holdups perpetrated than at any other time in American history. As Wells Fargo was the largest express company in the West, the majority of train robberies were directed against its shipments.

This decade was truly the era of the train robber. Gangs led by such outlaws as Bill Doolin, Black Jack Ketchum, Butch Cassidy, Bob Dalton, and Broncho Bill Walters held up and looted trains on a near regular basis.

Two California train robbers whom Thacker brought to justice in 1897 were George Williams and George W. Schlagal. The two young men were small - time criminals who had become friends while in jail. Schlagal had served three years in San Quentin for horse stealing, while Williams had served a jail term for holding up a railroad-station agent at Ripon when the pair decided to rob a Southern Pacific train near Stockton.

On the night of September 4, 1897, Williams and Schlagal made an abortive attempt to rob a northbound freight train at Morrano switch, four miles above Ripon in San Joaquin County. Four days later, on the night of September 8, they tried again at the same spot but were driven away by rifle fire from deputies aboard the train.

Williams and Schlagal, heaviiy armed, fled into the San Joaquin River bottoms. John Thacker, with Stanislaus County Sheriff Ed Purvis and Tom Cunningham, the famed sheriff of San Joaquin County, began a hunt for the outlaws. But George Williams knew the river bottoms like the back of his hand, and for five days he and Schlagal managed to elude their pursuers in the dense thickets of scrub oak, willows, and tules. The outlaw pair, with a $1400 price on their heads, made their way south on foot along the San Joaquin.

On the evening of September 13 the fugitives were spotted at Carpenter's Ferry in Stanislaus County. Thacker, Cunningham, and Purvis searched fruitlessly in the area between Carpenter's Ferry and the town of Newman for the outlaws and then spent the night of the 14th at Hill's Ferry. Early the next morning Thacker and the two sheriffs were joined by two brothers, Ed and Will Newsome, who knew every inch of the local terrain.

Thacker and the posse renewed their hunt for Williams and Schlagal. At about 8:30 that morning, in a field just west of Hill's Ferry and north of Newman, they discovered a haystack in which the outlaws had spent the night. A fresh trail led west from the haystack.

The posse followed the trail and soon came in sight of two armed men running at high speed into a dense thicket. Thacker and Ed Newsome immediately dismounted and plunged into the thicket on foot while Cunningham, Purvis, and Will Newsome raced westward to cut off the fugitives' flight.

Thacker and Newsome charged through the thick, tangled growth, following the trail of broken brush Williams and Schlagal had left. The chase went on for three miles. Finally, in a field between two ranches just north of Newman, Thacker and Newsome caught up with the outlaw pair. Thacker and his posseman shouldered their rifles.

"You're surrounded!" Thacker shouted to the fleeing robbers. "Throw up your hands!"

Seeing that escape was impossible, Williams and Schlagal dropped their weapons and raised their hands. They had been carrying a rifle, shotgun, and six-shooter, plus a large supply of ammunition.

Williams and Schlagal were jailed at Stockton and charged with attempted train wrecking. A month later both were sentenced to life imprisonment in San Quentin.

John Thacker's young son, Eugene, at this time had decided to follow his father's footsteps and become a Wells Fargo officer. Like his father, he soon found high adventure. On December 9, 1897, Eugene was riding guard on a Wells Fargo shipment with two other shotgun messengers, C.H. Jennings, and Charles Adair, when their train was halted at Stein's Pass, New Mexico, by the Black Jack Ketchum gang. In a gun battle with the outlaws, young Thacker and his companions killed gang member Ed Cullin and saved the express shipment. The following year he joined the famous lawmen Jeff Milton and George Scarborough in their hunt for the notorious Broncho Bill Walters gang, and was present at the final showdown at the Double Circle horse ranch on the Black River in Arizona when Milton, Scarborough, and young Thacker shot and wounded Broncho Bill and killed gang member Bill Johnson on July 30, 1898.

John Thacker was now past sixty and suffering from rheumatism. He was slowing down but gave no thought of giving up. In 1899, at the age of sixty-two, he was involved in the deadliest encounter of his life, a furious gun battle with three of the worst outlaws who ever saddled a horse, a fight which left two men dead and three wounded, one fatally.

On the night of July 11, 1899, a Colorado & Southern train was stopped by three bandits near Folsom, New Mexico. The robbers were Sam Ketchum, brother of Black Jack Ketchum, Elza Lay, Butch Cassidy's right-hand pal, and the murderous Harvey Logan, better known as Kid Curry.

The locomotive and express car were detached and run up the track where the outlaws ordered the messenger to open up. He refused, and while the robbers riddled the door with bullets, the messenger opened the safe, removed all the valuables, and hid them. Then he slid the door open.

The outlaws blew the safe open with dynamite and, finding it empty, rode off to a hide-out camp in Turkey Canyon, ten miles north of Cimarron, New Mexico.

John Thacker immediately journeyed to Trinidad, Colorado, where he and Huerfano County Sheriff Edward Farr organized a posse of fighting men which included railroad detective W.H. Reno and possemen H.N. Love, F.H. Smith, James Morgan, Perfecto Cordova, and Miguel Lopez.

The posse picked up the trail and followed it to Turkey Canyon, arriving there at 5:00 p.m. on July 16. The outlaw camp was situated in a creek basin and was well supplied with food, ammunition, and horses. Harvey Logan and Sam Ketchum were cooking supper, and Elza Lay was walking to the creek, about fifty yards distant, carrying a canteen and a Winchester. Thacker and the possemen quickly took cover, rifles ready.

"Hands up!" Sheriff Farr shouted.

At that, all hell broke loose. Both sides opened up with a heavy barrage of Winchester fire. Elza Lay took a slug in the shoulder and Sheriff Farr was wounded in the hand. Neither was out of the fight. Farr bandaged his wound and resumed firing until he was killed by a shot, apparently fired by Lay.

Sam Ketchum was wounded in the left arm and put out of the fray. Harvey Logan fought like a madman, killing Deputy Love with a bullet through the chest and wounding F.H. Smith in the leg.

Railroad detective Reno later

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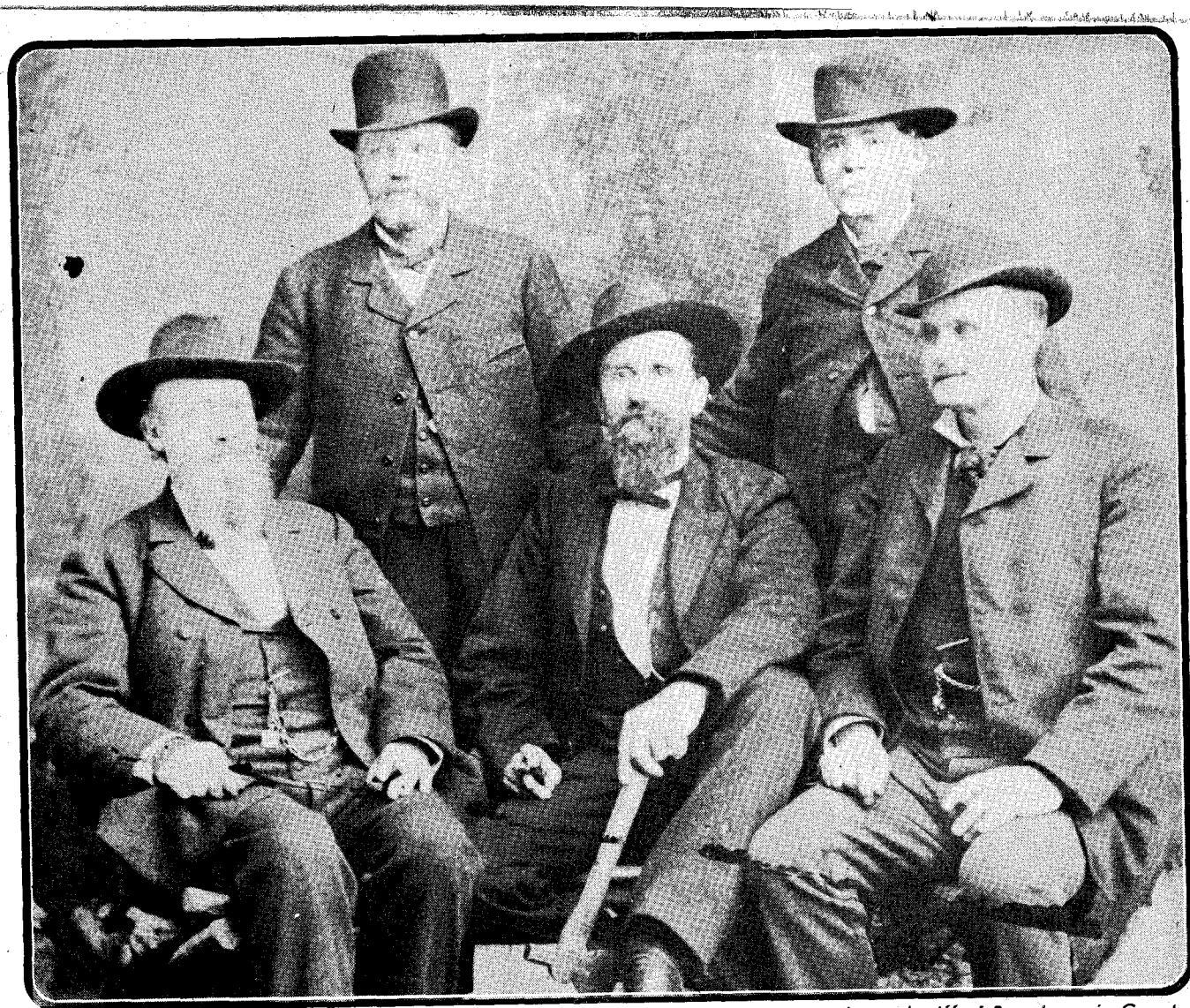

Wells Fargo Bank, History Room, San Francisco, California.

John Thacker (standing, right) and fellow officers in 1883. Seated left is Tom Cunningham, sheriff of San Joaquin County.

made this report of the shootout: "In the fight with these robbers the sheriff and myself took a position to the left of the basin where the battle occurred; after about 20 minutes shooting with Winchesters. The two sheriffs were killed and laid out under the next tree to me about ten feet distant. One was shot three times. I had a very narrow escape, receiving three or four Winchester bullets through my clothing, one cutting two Winchester bullets in twain in my pocket. I considered myself fortunate in escaping fatal wounds."

The battle was over in forty-five minutes. Logan and Lay mounted one horse and escaped in the gathering darkness. Sam Ketchum hid in the brush but was captured five days later. Blood poisoning had set in, and on July 24 he died at the Santa Fe prison. Elza Lay was captured a month later and, on October 10, 1899, was convicted of the murder of Sheriff Farr and was sentenced to life in the penitentiary at Santa Fe. Elza was pardoned in 1906 and lived peacefully, dying in Los Angeles on November 10, 1934. Harvey Logan met his death on June 7, 1904, when he was slain by a posse after a train robbery at Parachute, Colorado.

John Thacker and his men had given Butch Cassidy's long riders their fiercest fight. Charles Kelly, an authority on Butch Cassidy, later wrote: "The posse was brave and determined. It was, in fact, the best fight ever staged by any posse against the Wild Bunch, who had become accustomed to little or no resistance from Wyoming or Utah officers. Judging by previous experience, they believed that one round of shots would scatter any posse. In this instance they were badly mistaken."

In 1904 John Thacker was appointed Chief Special Officer for Wells Fargo after his old friend, Jim Hume, died. Three years later, at the age of seventy, he retired, and his career as the train robbers' nemesis was over.

When this stalwart, fearless man died at his home in Oakland, California, on January 3, 1913, the San Francisco newspapers paid tribute to him as the peace officer "who struck terror to the hearts of the stage and train robbers in California, Nevada, and Arizona" and who "probably captured more desperadoes than any officer in the West." ●**RW**

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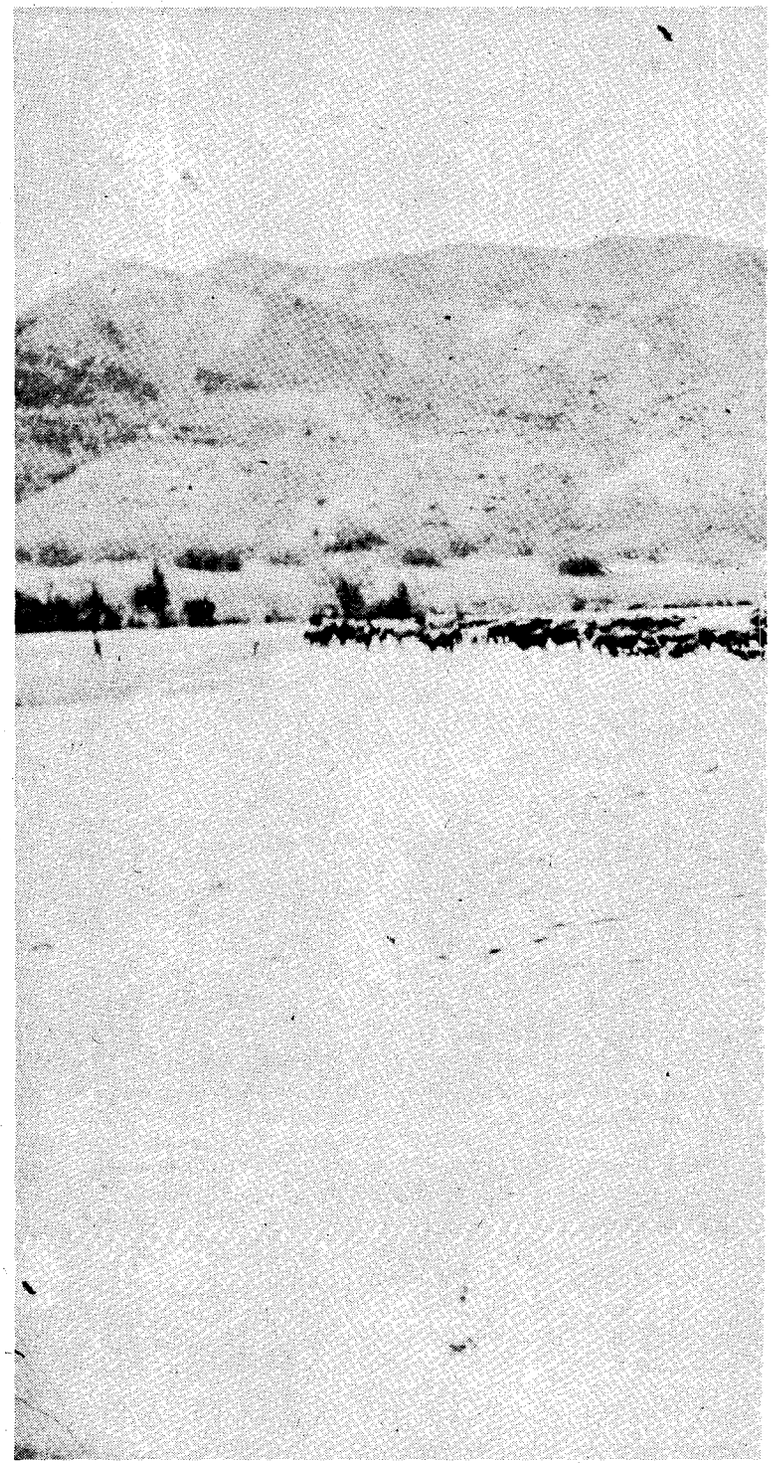
TEXAS LONGHORN TRAIL DRIVES

By O.L. Dolch, Jr.



When people talk about growth in the West, the railroad is frequently mentioned, and the mind can envision the linking up of distant places. The cattle drive, on the other hand, reflects the settling of those spaces in between, and a more complete picture emerges of our Western development.

The first longhorn cattle were brought to Texas from San Luis Potosi to the first missions in Texas around 1693. From them the breed soon grew and flourished throughout Texas and on the range. In later years (1852 to 1887) they were driven across Texas on the long trails. It is stated that 3,500,000 head of longhorns made such trips. This number was considered a conservative estimate, for in one instance Captain Richard King sent 60,000 head of cattle from his Texas Santa Gertrudes to Kansas in 1876.

It was very common to see herds of four, six and eight thousand head of cattle being herded along the trails that extend north and south through Texas. One trail was pounded out by the cattle and it is said to have been 200 yards to 50 miles wide. The first trail from the south part of Texas passed through Gonzales and continued on through Fort Worth. After the country became more settled by pioneers and there was more protection by rangers and soldiers, the trail was continuously moved farther west, which also took care of the many new ranch lands with their longhorn cattle.

Finally, the last trail passed through San Antonio, thence to Fredericksburg, on to Coleman, passing through Fort Griffin, then Fort Elliott and finally through No Man's Land to Fort Dodge. No Man's Land was once a part of Texas and became a kind of neutral ground on which were found Indian hunters and outlaws. When Texas became a part of the United States the terms of the Missouri Compromise prohibited slavery north of 36 degrees 30 minutes N. Latitude, and Texas, not wishing to have part of her land free and slavery to exist in another part, relinquished all claim over what was known as "No Man's Land." It now is a part of Oklahoma.

Before starting on the long trail to Kansas, the cattle were rounded up on the open range and then divided into herds of from two to four thousand head. The cattle drives usually began in March and covered about ten miles a day from six o'clock in the morning to six o'clock in the evening.

From Buda, Hays county, Texas cattle were herded across the Chisholm trail. Going in a northwesterly direc-

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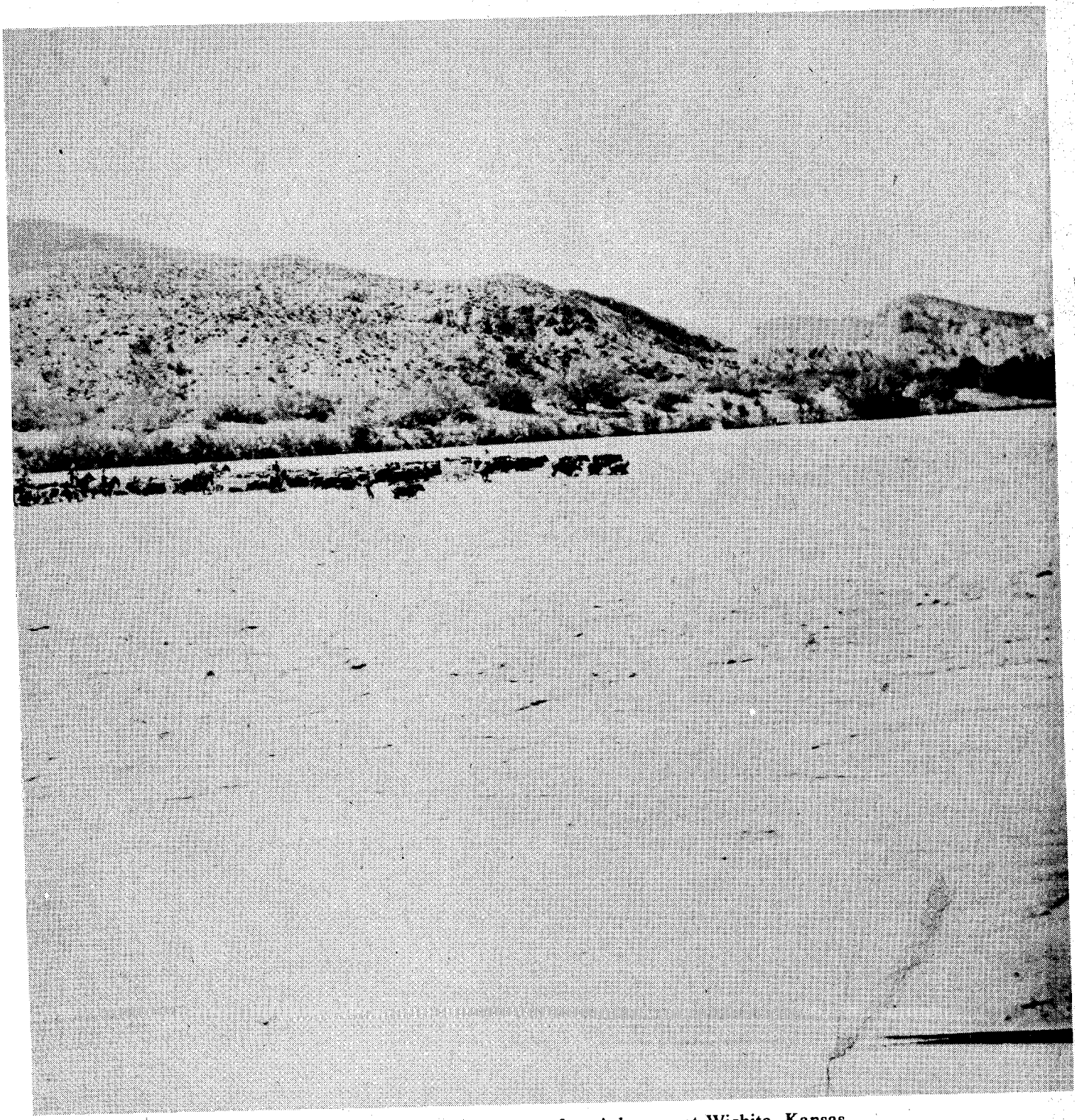

Photo by author

tion, the trail led through the Panhandle of Texas. It passed through Throckmorton, thence through Baylor and Wilbarger Counties. It crossed the Red River at a point known as Doan's Store. Then it passed over the Indian Territory, where the trail ran up the valley of the north fork of the Red River. It then passed through a gap in the Washita Mountains. After going through the Indian Territory, passing about where the city of Hobart now stands, the trail led into Kansas. Passing Wolf Creek, the trail led to Dodge City. After leaving Dodge City, the trail led through Kansas, on to Nebraska and Ogallala, where the cattle were sold to cattle buyers.

Herds of cattle were also driven from Round Rock, Texas, to Baxter Springs, Kansas. The trail followed almost exactly the route of the M.K.T. Railroad through the Indian Territory, also to Abilene, Kansas, crossing Red River at Red River Station or Spanish Fort, and the Arkansas at Wichita, Kansas.

On March 10th, 1876, a cattle drive started from the Ellison ranch. There was also a herd from the Deweese roundup. The drive left the Ellison ranch and went southwest to receive other herds, going by way of Seguin and Floresville. They crossed the San Antonio River at a crossing called the "Lodi Crossing," and headed for the Tom Deweese pasture, fifteen miles below the south side of the river. Here the "drive" camped and waited for herds from the Randow Ranch to the south. More cattle were rounded up on the Deweese pasture. When all the cattle were rounded up, they were strung along the fence and counted. Usually there were over twenty - five thousand and up to sixty thousand or more head — all longhorn cattle. When they were ready to move, an order was given to "cut the fence and let the cattle outside." After this was done, the cattle drive was on!

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This cattle drive was to take the "Devil's River Route." The herd headed toward San Antonio, which was a very brushy drive. The herd was bedded down near Mitchell's Lake, which was several miles from town. Another day and the herd was at the San Antonio river just below town, near where the old fairgrounds were located. The herd was grazed up the Alazan Creek; at the time, there was not a house on the creek. When the drive reached Prospect Hill, about three miles from town, they bedded down. In the morning the herds were usually grazed out where the Lady of the Lake is now located.

The trail drive led up the old Spanish Trail to Leon Springs, where the cattle were watered. From there the trail led through rough country to the head of the Guadalupe river. Passing through Kerrville, the drive stopped long enough that the cowboys might buy out Charlie Schreiner's tobacco at his store, which was about the size of Kerrville at that time. Charles Schreiner, at the death of his father in 1852, and of his mother in 1856, had left San Antonio at the age of fifteen and went to what is now Kerrville. He was engaged in the livestock business in Kerr County in 1858 and was well known by all the trail drivers. After leaving Charles Schreiner's log-cabin store, the cattle drive headed for and crossed the Divide. Thence the trail led almost due west to Little Devil's River. The cattle were watered on the river, which was very difficult. It would take almost a half a day to get the cattle in and out.

From the Little Devil's River the drive led due north to the South Concho. The herds were usually camped about twenty miles above Fort Concho after having passed the army post. This was bad Indian country, and there were many raids by Indians coming from the vicinity of the Canadian river. Horses and cattle were stolen; men and soldiers were killed or wounded in fights. The trail led toward Mobeetie and on to the Canadian river.

Leaving the Canadian river, the herd was pushed on toward the Red River. After crossing the river, the trail led up Sweetwater, crossed Ikard range and passed by Ikard's ranch and on to Dodge City, where other herds were met from Fort Worth. It was C.C. Slaughter's trail from Fort Worth that led near Mobeetie and which the other trail drivers took to Dodge City. Crossing the Arkansas River at Dodge, the trail drivers herded their cattle toward Duck Creek, then toward the South Platte, and Ogalalla, Nebraska. From there the Texas longhorns began their journey toward North Dakota. The trail led to Fort Laramie. They crossed the South Platte river and the North Platte, and then on to the Court House Rock. From here the trail led across Laramie Crossing to the Missouri River, and thence to "Standing Rock Agency" of North Dakota. Here the Texas longhorns were sold.

How did the cowboys get back? They caught the Union Pacific to Ogalalla and caught the railroad from the South Platte to Lockhart, Texas. The trip would take seven months to complete one-way. When the Texas longhorn cattle arrived at their destination, it may be surprising to know that they were in excellent shape and fatter than when they left Texas. The reasons for this were the lush pastures of grass and other food along the trail. The longhorn cattle ate to their hearts' content! The cattle buyers welcomed the Texas longhorns with open arms, and the beef on the hoof brought good prices.

But this was not so in the early days of trail drives from Texas. In 1852 and 1853, what was known as Texas Cattle Disease (Spanish fever, splenic fever) began to spread among other cattle. Although the fever was found in South Carolina as early as 1836-37, the greatest losses were caused by driving Texas cattle through Arkansas, Missouri and Kansas, and distributing them to feeders in various western states. Missouri suffered in 1852-53, and in the summers of 1856 and 1857 the states of Kansas and Iowa had great numbers of cattle swept away by the disease that was carried by southern herds.

In 1866 a steamboat load of Texas cattle were brought up the Mississippi and Ohio rivers; the drover landed the cattle at Louisville and drove them to Lexington, Kentucky. Native cattle all along the route, plus a drove of fat cattle that followed them: all took the disease and died. In 1867 Cairo, Illinois, became the chief point of transshipment of cattle coming from Texas and other places in the south, in consequence of their being prohibited from passing through Kansas, Missouri, and Iowa.

During the early part of the season there was no trouble, but with the warm weather the disease made its appearance. In 1868 there was a great outbreak. Large numbers of cattle were brought into the state of Illinois. At the little town of Tolono, at the crossing of the Illinois Central and Toledo and Wabash railroads, from fifteen to eighteen thousand Texas cattle were landed, which by the 1st of September occasioned the death of nearly one thousand native cattle of the township, and five thousand in the county. Nearly two thousand cattle were stricken near Loda, Illinois; the losses in Warren county, Indiana, alone were reported to be over fifteen hundred. At Cincinnati, Ohio, a herd of twenty - nine cows, exposed to the fever, died.

All observations (1880) indicate that in the permanently infected areas south of the parallel 37 degrees, the cattle became accustomed to the disease germs, and that the effect is much milder upon the organization, passing through it without creating much disturbance and, generally, without being noticed. When, however, the southern cattle are taken into regions previously unaffected, they, not being protected by previous habitual exposure, become victims of the disease. Native cattle have been known to convey the disease to other native cattle. Control was soon effected by preventing the introduction of southern cattle during the spring and summer months. Disinfectants were also used. Soon Texas cattle were on the move again.

"Texas beef" soon became known all over, and in all the markets. The packing of meats, the manufacture of condensed meat essences, meat biscuits, etc., and the shipment of hides increased. The value of cattle raised and brought from Texas in 1884 was over $16,300,000 for the year.

For many years the land of Texas was a free pasture for thousands of cattle. Longhorn cattle grazed across the state with ease. In 1881 and 1882, this land was placed on the market. It was known as "public land." It sold rapidly, the buyers being mostly wealthy cattle men who bought immense tracts of the land. Wire fences began to spring up around their land. The country was so sparsely settled that no one watched the wire fencing go up; hence it happened that often hundreds of acres of school land were fenced.

Few roads were left. Small lots belonging to others were either enclosed in these large fences, or they were cut off from all roads as to be worthless. At length, a strong feeling arose against the cattle men; their fences were cut again and again, hence the coming about of "Fence - cutters." The land owners were ordered to open up the roads, with gates every three miles. "Fence - cut-

(continued on page 64)

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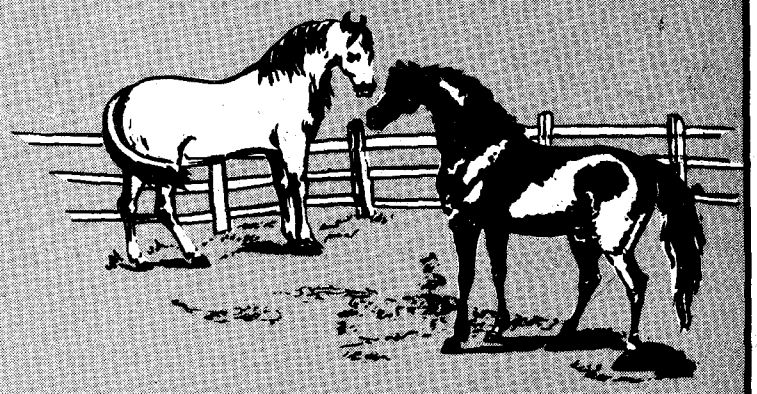
THE EDITOR'S CORRAL



I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

HARSH INDIAN POLICY ADVOCATED AFTER MINNESOTA UPRISINGS

Brig.-Gen. Sibley, in an official dispatch, says the number of Indians embraced within the territory of Minnesota is nearly 17,000 including 3,500 warriors, of whom 1,800 are now actively hostile, 250 desirous of peace, and 1,450 (Chippewas) avowedly friendly, but who would not hestitate at any time to raise the tomahawk if not restrained by fear of the consequences. He recommends as a permanent policy concentration and military surveillance of the several bands and tribes, adding that "when they find they must cease to depend upon the chase for food, and must work or starve, they will agree to any reasonable conditions the Government may see fit to propose; and that it is becoming more and more manifest that some such fixed policy as the indicated must be adopted by the Government with reference to the great tribes of Indians North and West of us, before a permanent peace can be restored to our extensive border."

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 1, 1864

INDIAN BATTLE NEAR LITTLE BLUE STATION

A battle was fought recently between the Sioux and the 7th Iowa Cavalry and some Marshall County militia with one cannon. The enemy Sioux and Cheyennes, met them on the 16th of August, 12 miles from Little Blue Station, where the road from Fort Riley to Fort Kearney crosses Elk Creek. The soldiers and militia fought for hours, but the Indians were better mounted and armed, and finally drove them back 10 miles.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 1, 1864

MASSACRE OF INDIANS BY COL. CHIVINGTON

The recent conduct of Col. Chivington, commanding United States forces in Colorado, attacking a defenseless Indian village and perpetrating wholesale massacre of men, women and children, should excite for those poor creatures the generous pity of the nation, and we are gratified that it is to be subjected to Congressional investigation. The massacre is pronounced by Judge Harding, of Colorado, the most cruel that history records. He says that the "Indians had previously given up their arms; they molested no travelers; they claimed to be quiet and peaceable; yet they were surprised by a military force coming some 200 miles for the purpose, at dead of night, and the victims included men, women and children. George Dent, son of Col. Dent, was killed, with a number of other half-breeds that were stopping at the lodges. Not a soul was spared — man, woman or papoose — that fell into the hands of the soldiers. The Indians no more expected an attack from the troops than they did from those at Fort Lyon, whom they visited every day". The decrease of the doomed race of red men is very rapid. In 1850 there were 400,000; in 1855 not quite 350,000; in 1860 the census returns 295,470. According to this rate they will be an extinct race towards the end of the present century.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
February 4, 1865

"GRIZZLY CHAIR," GIFT TO PRESIDENT JOHNSON (ANDREW)

Seth Kinman, the Rocky Mountain trapper, has constructed and presented to President Johnson a "grizzly chair". The four legs with the feet and claws in pefection, are those of a huge grizzly bear, while the arms are the arms and paws of another grizzly; the back and sides are also ornamented with immense claws. The seat is soft and exceedingly comfortable, but the great feature of the "institution" is, that by touching a cord, the head of a monster grizzly bear, with distended jaws, will dart in front from under the seat, snapping and gnashing its teeth as natural as life. The presentation came off at the White House one day last week.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
September 30, 1865

WIVES IN GREAT DEMAND

Wives are greatly in demand in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains. A healthy woman will bring any price in that region. The bachelors have grown desperate and ragged, and they have determined to perish or marry.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
December 9, 1865

WOMEN'S LIB A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

A woman is captain of a canal boat running into Cincinnati, and transacts business as well as any man. Why not?

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
December 18, 1869

PURGATORY, COLORADO

They have a town in Colorado named Purgatory. The name is perhaps a hint to travelers that they may "go further and fare worse".

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
December 18, 1869

APACHES ON WARPATH

It is reported that the Apaches recently attacked the town of Cocospera in Sonora, killed all the men, and carried the women and children into captivity.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
December 18, 1869

EXPLORING IN THE WEST

The exploring party under Lieutenants Wheeler and Lockwood, sent out by General Ord to discover a route through the White Pine country to the Colorado River, have returned to San Francisco. They report having found a good route, abounding with timber and water, with indications of rich mineral deposits.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
December 18, 1869

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Real West Movie Hall Of Fame

WALLY WALES

by Mario DeMarco

I remember Wally Wales, the slender, good - looking cowboy, in countless western films — some as the star but mainly as a top character actor in many of the action pictures of Republic, Columbia, and Universal Studios. In fact, I first met him at Republic Studios while he was playing a supporting role in *The Man From Music Mountain* (at this time he had changed his name to Hal Taliaferro). Just looking and talking with him you didn't have to guess twice that he was a man from the West.

Hal talked in a slow, soft voice, answering my questions as best he could. He left me with a pleasant impression that I will never forget. Looking back, though, it is amazing that as a youngster I had seen as many westerns as I could. I had my favorite stars. Now that I am again able to view some of those early, vintage westerns of the late '20s and '30s, I am able to recognize many of the silent western greats who were reduced to playing roles as "townspeople," "posse," and other nontalking roles where "crowds" were used. In many of these scenes Wally Wales made his appearance.

I believe the film that really introduced me to this great person was Republic's magnificent chapter play, *The Lone Ranger*. In it Wally was one of the five stars who played the part of the Lone Ranger. Near the final chapters the movie fans believed that Wally would turn out to be the Ranger. However, he eventually was killed in the 12th chapter. It was his most unforgettable role, and made him familiar to many thousands of fans who followed the serial each week at the theaters.

Wally's real name was Floyd Taliaferro Alderson, and he was born in Sheridan, Wyoming, on November 13, 1895. Like most of the youngsters of that area, Floyd learned to ride and rope early — and while still in his teens, he worked as a cowboy on some of the larger ranches of Wyoming and Montana. Drifting to California, he broke into the "picture making" business in 1915 as a bit player. As he became more familiar with the business, he began getting bigger and better roles. World War I had begun, and Hal enlisted in the Army in 1917, serving first with the 91st Division and later with Spruce Division, cutting down the big trees and getting the lumber which was needed for making the frames for the "Jenny" airplanes.

He was discharged from the service in 1919 and returned to Hollywood to resume his career. At this period he was using his real name of Floyd Alderson and Floyd Taliaferro. Many of the stars of westerns at this time were real cowboys. Independent film producer Lester Scott, who was using stars such as Buffalo Bill, Jr. (Jay Wilsey) and Buddy Roosevelt, was looking for another star to add to his corral of western stars. After seeing Floyd perform, he signed him to a contract, and it was then that Scott decided to change his name to Wally Wales.

Under the banner of Action and Artclass pictures, Wally made his first starring action western entitled *Tearin' Loose* in 1925. A number of excellent westerns were turned out such as *The Ace of Action, Vanishing Hoofs, Twisted Triggers*. Wally managed to star in about 20 action - filled films for Scott. About this time "talkies" were introduced, and this new media was proving to be the downfall for many of the great stars of the movie world.

While many of the western greats turned to other professions, Wally continued making pictures for independent producers. In 1930 he signed with the Ben Wilson Productions to star in his first serial *The Voice From the Sky*. Before this film Wally had made his first sound feature in *Overland Bound*, a Raytone Talking Picture which featured Leo Maloney and Jack Perrin. In late 1930 he signed up with the Big Four and starred in his first western done in sound, *Trails of Danger*. Many of these western films were shot on state locations in order to save costs. These locations proved ideal and helped the quality of the films.

After he had finished work for the Big Four, Wally began realizing that his potential as a star was becoming limited, and he began supporting other cowboy stars as Tom Tyler, Rex Bell and up - and - coming John Wayne. Several years later, Astor Films, which were producing the popular "Bud 'N Ben" series starring Jack Perrin and Ben Corbett, signed up Wally as the star replacement when Perrin was injured. He also appeared in another series of westerns for Imperial Pictures for a short time.

(continued on page 55)

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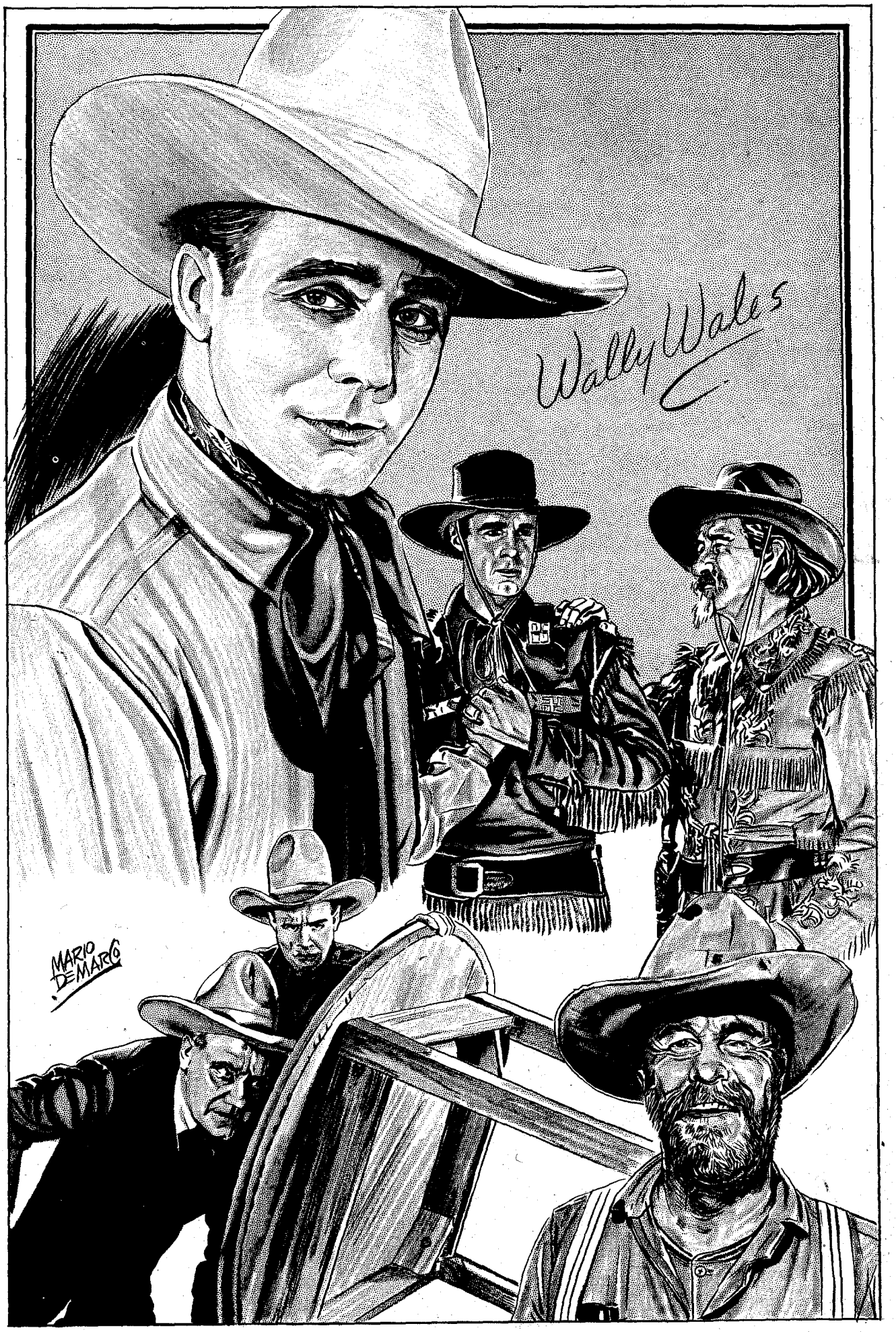

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S FIRST SAFARI

by Bob Clough

The multifaceted Teddy Roosevelt ... hunter, rancher, founder of America's RFD system, politician, and 26th President ... learned some of his "skills" the hard way, by trial and error. And one of these, an event in the Dakota territorial Badlands while on his first big game hunt for buffalo, nearly cost America the life of one of her most colorful citizens.

Theodore Roosevelt in 1883.

In October 1883 at 3:00 A.M., and in Stygian darkness, there was a train pulling into the small depot of Little Missouri village on the banks of a murky river with the same name. It was a flyer just started by the Northern Pacific, called the Overland Express, and it was headed west on its second run from Minneapolis, Minnesota, to Portland, Oregon. After it crossed a 300-foot trestle it ground to a halt and unceremoniously deposited a passenger on the cinder bed, as there was no platform. A myopic youth's wan complexion was ghostly after his gear was actually tossed after him, and the express highballed the heck out of there as if demons were after it (and in that area one could have gotten odds that there were).

This was the asthmatic youth's initiation into a land where he came to hunt, on the advice of a navy officer friend, and to recoup his health. He had misgivings as he tried to orient himself. He finally made the outline of a huge building and began to drag his duffel through the brush. He was like a lost pilgrim, which he would soon be called besides other refined endearments. If he had arrived the previous night, he would have been feted like a VIP as the citizens hurrahed the new train in, but now they were sleeping it off. Even the dogs were very quiet and docile.

The youth arrived at the building's front, struck a sulphur match and read, "PYRAMID PARK HOTEL BAR & GRILL." He rapped, wiped his pinch glasses, and soon the door was cracked with an apparition holding a coal oil lamp. What he saw made him gasp and step back. It reeked of a local booze called Forty-mile Red-eye; the man was a redheaded, bibulous, bearded citizen called Frank Vine, who growled:

"What tha hell da you want this hour o' the morn, arbuckle? You punkin lilies gotta make better train connections sost a fella cin git his sleep. What cin I do for ye, pilgrim?" (The second train?)

"I would like a bed for the rest of the night."

"Follow me upstairs. I got one bed left that ain't full out of four-teen. Yer lucky." (The misnomer of all time.)

At the top of the stairs the "dude" was to see the beds in a barracks-type room with an acrid smell permeating the area. On them lay 23 butchers, tallowmen, hidemen, herdsmen, and laborers who hit the area to work for the Marquis de Mores. He, earlier in March, had founded a

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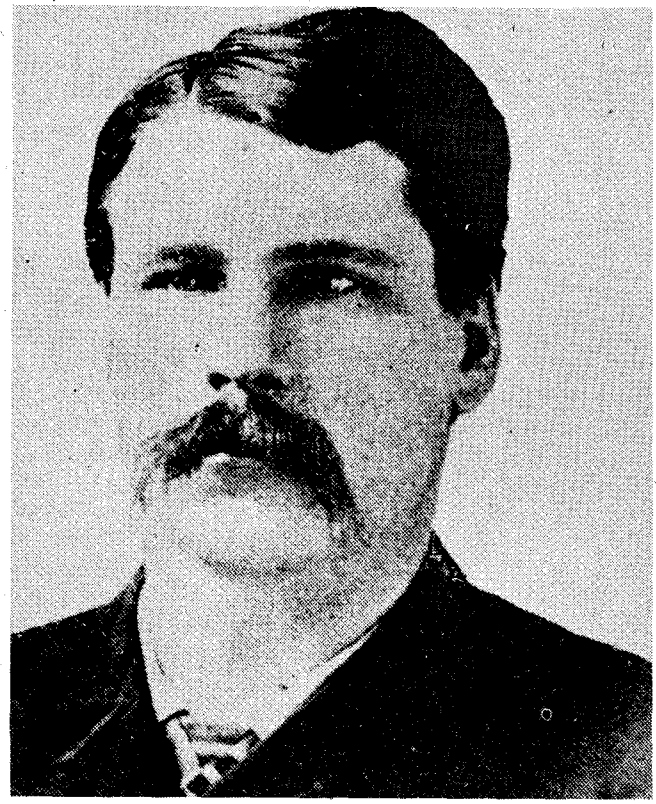


Joseph A. Ferris

town across the river he called Medora, after his heiress wife. He was operating a packing-house (abattoir), slaughter empire with his papa - in - law's loot.

The youth said, "I see no vacancies."

"My, ain't we uppity. They's a boom on here, jasper. Here, you cin bunk with this waddie. He ain't so raunchy, as he's a carpenter and only yesterday I saw him wash in the river. Hey, what's yer handle? Ya might be dodgin' the law. I need ta know."

"My name is Theodore Roosevelt of New York City. I came here to hunt."

Frank Vine told the future President he better get up 50¢ in advance and then left.

Teddy Roosevelt said later in his diary and autobiography:

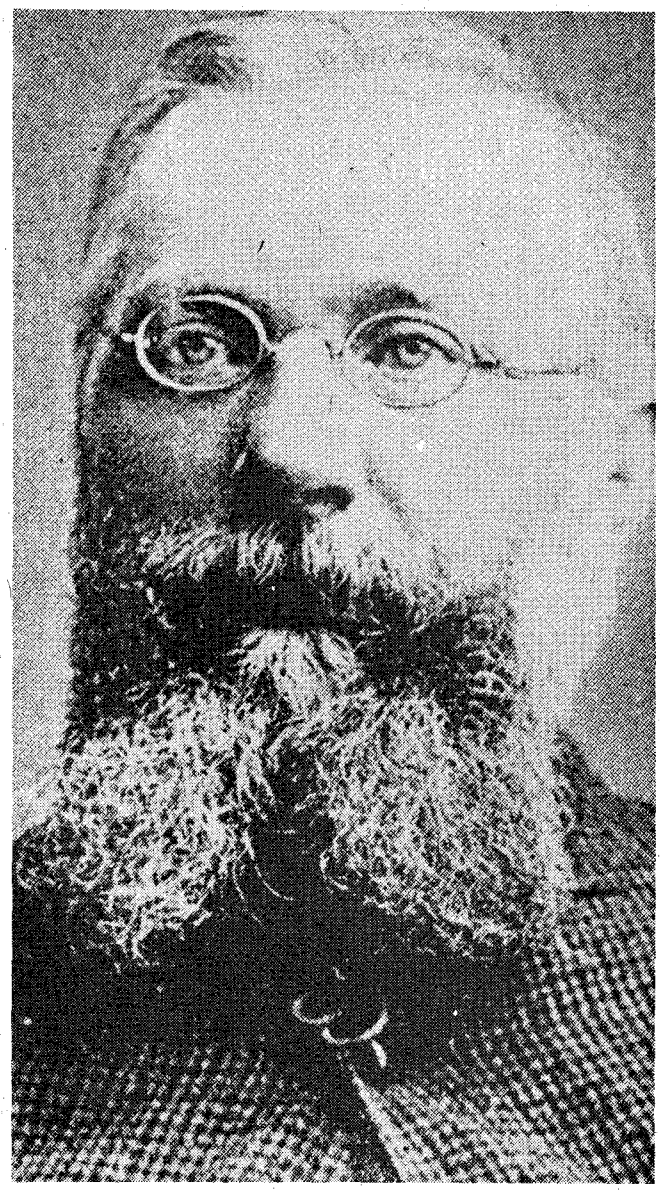
"By godfrey when my eyes could focus I saw not one clean shaven face. I never slept a wink and when daylight came I really ran down the stairs."

One of the bunkmates later said about T.R., "My waddies and I took this dude for an immoral character because he wore pinch glasses. He had on foppish duds like a big African hunter, puttees instead of boots and a huge round hat — spankin' new as was the rest of his goods. He was bandy legged and wheezed like a winded mustang. There was something about him though that set him apart from the other big shots that came here to hunt."

Outside, T.R. was awed by the rising sun as it bounced off of the scoria knobs, casting panoramic hues that rivaled anything he had seen before. He was starved and went back into breakfast at the grill that one passing drummer dubbed, "Crumbs of comfort in a crack in the wall."

Frank Vine dumped a plate of huge hot cakes in front of T.R. and exploded:

"Danged if I cin see why you dudes keep hoppin' off the manifests just to hunt these god-awful gullies and swales. They's nothin' much ta hunt but tree climbin' varmints an' sech. Not ah meanin' ta be nosey, pilgrim, but ya look kinda puny."



Gregor Lang

T.R. said with extra exuberance, "By godfrey this air is exhilarating! I'll soon be as healthy as a bull moose!" He was 23.

A man entered the emporium who was even more sinister looking than the hung-over Vine. He was another merchant, con man, sometimes gunman, Jake Maunders. He was looking for a mark.

"Now the general store is run by Joe Ferris. When he opens it, Jake here will take you to meet him. Joe is the outfitter and guide from here and does not have any truck with the noble across the river in Medora," Vine said as Maunders nodded assent.

T.R. said that when he entered the neat little general store he felt the first sign of welcome since he arrived. In fact, he felt saved.

Joe Ferris had a maxim he adhered to in the Badlands that was also followed by his rancher-brother, Sylvane, and his partner, K.W. Merrifield of the Maltese Cross spread, and others who wished to stay healthy. He said, "We don't jine up with the hard cases and we don't run ag'in 'em."

After Maunders introduced him, T.R. said, "Here is a letter written you from one of the three Eaton brothers whom I met in the east. The Mr. Howard Eaton ran ads in the papers publicizing his halfway cabin for buffalo and other hunters he calls Custer House."

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He was speaking of General George A. Custer, who along with General Sheriden guided the Russian Grand Duke Alexis on a successful safari back in 1872. The late so-called hero gave the place much notoriety. T.R. was a history buff.

Joe Ferris read the letter and saw the four-eyed tenderfoot with little awe. He was built along T.R.'s lines himself and also had a droopy moustache. He said in his thick New Brunswick Canada accent:

"By now, Mr. Roosevelt, most of the buffalo are closer to the county seat at Mandan, 125 miles east where you should have alit. About all we get are old scraggy bulls that are lobos or outlaws. But if you are looking for trophy heads, one may be found."

Maunders cut in, "The ex-distiller Gregor Lang came in the other day and said he saw a couple of old bulls in a swale of his."

Joe Ferries added, "On the strength of that, do you still want to go after one?"

"Dee-lighted to!" T.R. said in his usual overemphasis.

Joe warned, "The knobs here are something else. Can you ride a horse, sir?"

T.R. said he could and had ridden hunters and jumpers to foxes. He could handle anything they had to offer.

Joe looked at the leering Maunders and said, "We shall see. Now we leave at dawn tomorrow."

T.R. said, "Bully, but for tonight I would like to find other lodgings."

Ferris grinned and nodded, "You can bunk above the store here with me. I have an extra bed. You can take your goods there now if you wish."

The next dawn, the four-man "safari" left the village in choking dust for a stop on the first leg to Lang's Chimney Butte spread in a two-seated buckboard loaded with camp "fixin's." As they drove in to the Maltese Cross, T.R. was cleaning his .30-.30 rifle. He let out a gasp:

"By godfrey, I'm scragged before we can get cracking! The hammer must have gotten broken the other night when I alit from the train. It's beastly!"

Vine and Maunders nodded as Ferris said laconically, "Your gun is too light anyway for buffalo. We must go back and get you a heavier bore." He paused and said, "It is my fault for not checking."

The still hung-over Vine said, "Maunders has a buffalo gun ya cin borry, don't ya, Jake?" Jake nodded as Vine added, "Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Ferris cin visit here at the ranch till me and Jake git back. In fact, I'll let my son, Frank Jr., take my place as I'm feelin' a bit poorly."

Jake nodded and said, "Me, too."

Mr. Roosevelt hit it off at once with the ranch owners. That afternoon the rig returned with Junior driving, who was also bibulous but more congenial than the other two.

When the safari left the Maltese Cross that same P.M., there were in the party, as Sylvane Ferris and Merrifield went along.

Heading for Gregor Lang's, the two Ferrises and Merrifield rode ahead on spirited mustangs. T.R. sat beside young Vine, caressing the heavy bored gun. He turned from time to time to eye a little filly tied to the buckboard boot. He said to Frank Jr.:

"That's a slick-looking little maiden mare. Who owns little Nell?"

Junior said, "All I know is, she is Maltese Cross property."

Puzzled, T.R. added, "If she is for me to ride, what am I doing up here with you?" He hailed Joe Ferris, "I like her looks! I want to ride her! Now, sir!"

Joe nodded his head saying, "We don't know whether you can handle her or not. She is not a pony. The horse rancher, Mr. Huidekoper, who foaled her said she is nearly full-blooded Spanish Barb. She is hot blooded and kinky. Has not been ridden much of late."

T.R. took out a well-fitted poke and awed Junior by fingering some large-numbered bills. "Mr. Merrifield, if you and your partner have a price on the filly, I want to buy her right now. Saddle and all. How much?"

The safari stopped, and an equitable price was set. T.R. whooped, climbed aboard, and made them hoot by saying, instead of "Gid-diap," a thing that caused a lot of glee around wagon fires years later in the relating. It was: "Hasten forward quickly now, Nell!"

Around dusk Lang's Chimney Butte shown on the horizon, and also the wee Cannon Ball River. In the yard to meet them was a bearded, four-eyed old gentleman, his smiling wife and teen-age son, and future North Dakota historian, Lincoln Lang.

After the amenities the hopped-up T.R. was all for going out for a trophy that P.M. Joe Ferris said he must check out the buffalo gun. By bedtime T.R.'s shoulder was nearly torn off, but he said he could muster it.

Mr. Lang was starved for intellectual company, and he and T.R. went into everything from Shelley and Keats to Shakespeare. Lincoln hung onto Teddie's every word.

The safari left the next dawn, and the topography was what Johnny Nelson called, "Yavelish" when he first viewed it.

That day became a fruitless search for the bison bulls. T.R. was paired with Joe Ferris, and they became lifelong stirrup waddies. The partners — the other duo and Vine Jr., the side camp hostler — observed much other game, like deer, and Merrifield shot a black tailed buck. T.R. potted at one 200 yards off and missed. Joe Ferris brought it low a hundred yards further on. An incredible shot, but with all of his denying it, he could not make T.R. doubt that they were all William Tells. Ferris said his shot was one in a thousand. T.R. missed another one and threw his gun to the ground in a rage, an unpardonable sin and by a man who would become the epitome of worldwide game hunters. Joe Ferris railed at T.R. for his lack of gunmanship.

Gourmet T.R., after tasting Mrs. Lang's fried prairie chicken and deer steaks, made her blush by his gushing over her cooking.

The next day was a repeat of day one. So was three. Joe Ferris was about to call it quits. Vine Jr. thought they should hang on one more day, as by then the dude would be worn out and they could all collect their fees; he could safari home sadder but healthier and wiser. But the dude was a machine. All but T.R. and Mr. Lang (who never went out) went to bed early, all fagged out. The two brains stayed up and rediscovered literature night after night.

The following morning it was raining heavily, and Joe Ferris was most elated. He could rest up; not so T.R. He went to the barn and curried and saddled little Nell. He started heading her out and said to Joe Ferris:

"Well, let's get cracking and all of that, what?"

Joe convinced T.R. the trails would be one big gumbo bog. Sylvane took Joe aside and said in deadly earnestness:

"We better get him a buffalo soon, trophy or not. He's killing us all off. I'm not going out today."

Joe said, "It's letting up. To humor him I'll ride out a piece with him. See you."

Another day passed. Then another, and not even a buffalo sign. T.R. and Lang had changed their format to cattle. T.R. had worn out little Nell and another mount, and was on

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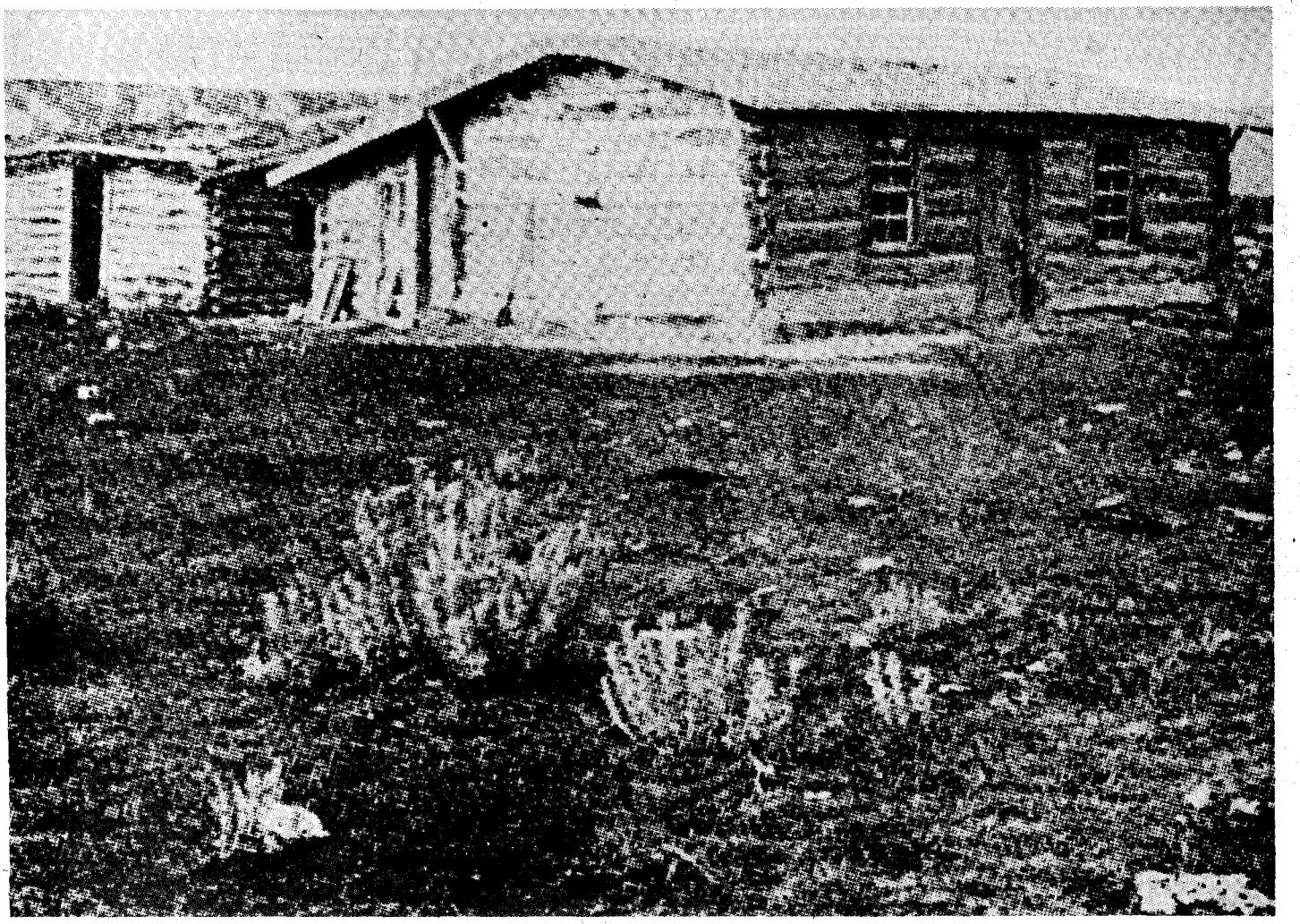

Maltese Cross Ranch House

his third.

Then one mid-morning, on the sixth day, Joe saw some fresh buffalo spoor. He put his glass up a canyon and saw a big bull switching his tail and nonchalantly chewing his cud. He handed the glass to T.R. who sucked in his breath. They both dismounted and lay the gun barrel across the saddle stock, and T.R. shot first. The bull loped away, but Joe said he was boxed in. They would stalk him on foot a la Indian. Before they again got into range T.R. had fallen into some cacti, and he was caked with gumbo. Again he pulled down on the yellow patch on his withers, and there was a puff of dust, but the bull put a kink in his tail and bolted right at them. Joe's horse spooked and galloped off. T.R. sat down-holding his till Joe returned. When that happened, Joe said he had a different view of his waddie for the rest of his days. There sat a sticker-full dude, covered with mud, a gash on his chin caked with blood where his barrel hit him when his horse spooked, calmly reading some poetry.

Back to Lang's they went to recoup and Joe to sack out as usual. On the way back the droll Ferris asked T.R. if he had ever committed any crimes that he was now paying for.

That night Joe slept on through a momentous event. T.R. had bought into the Maltese Cross, and there was now a tri-partnership between him and the former owners.

As they saddled up for one more sortie that Joe said was his last, he joshed T.R. by saying, "Mr. Roosevelt, if you don't get your buffalo today, I am going to reload your shells till they will knock off an elephant. Then I am going to shoot you right after you bounce out of bed so sickeningly fresh, mount that head of yours with that grin spread all over its map, and then kill myself. Who told you you were a sickly arbuckle?"

T.R. laughed so hard he nearly fell off little Nell.

Perhaps Joe's tirade put the fates on their side. They no sooner left Vine Jr.'s side camp than they were down wind from him. Joe bid T.R. to squeeze for that vital spot which he did, and yup, there was that puff of dust and up over a rise went the behemoth, with T.R. afoot and dismounted, screaming after him.

The droll Joe said later, "That old disappearing bull reminded me of a steer struck by St. Elmo's Fire that leads a stampede. He had a kink in his tail, too. But he was leaving a heavy trail of blood. I knew my ordeal was over. I knew he was mortally wounded and that on the rise T.R. would find him. Eureka! He did. There lay an old rogue whose hide looked like a war map. A boyishly exuberant dude was dancing around, over and on top of the carcass. I nearly wept for joy. Not his — mine."

Now we must reiterate a bit more about the future Spanish American War hero who was to recruit a lot of his Rough Riders right from the Bad Lands. He had a life-long love affair with that barren land and its people. Both of his spreads are national parks today.

The sardonic Mr. Lang put it all into perspective very succinctly, saying:

"Joe Ferris said to me a few years after that hunt on my spread, T.R. will one day be President. He is the most extraordinary man I have ever met. He has a date with destiny."

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THE GREAT COMANCHE WAR TRAIL

by Opal Waymire Beaty

Early American settlers of Texas and the Southwest learned quickly how to deal with Comanche raids. However, there was a well - traveled track to the south, and it was especially used by Comanches for their most sought - after plunder: horses.

Denver Public Library, Western History Dept.

Comanche Indian

Some described it as "a great chalk line" leading from the Staked Plains of West Texas into Mexico, a trail that could be followed by the scattered animal bones bleached white by the sun. The line was wide and hard because of years of being pounded by the hooves of horses stolen in Mexico by the Comanche Indians. It was in existence in the 1700s and continued to be used for over a century. During the 1800s this "great chalk line" came to be known as The Comanche War Trail.

Each year, when the September moon hung bright and full in the evening sky, the inhabitants of haciendas and villages, denied arms by their government for fear of internal rebellion, took what safety measures they could and slept uneasily.

Sentinels were posted in high places, and when the one farthest north sighted the Comanches, he set fire to a pile of brush. This signal would be repeated by the next sentinel, and the next, carrying the message of danger across the miles. Ranchers, farmers gathered their families and animals together and went to the villages for protection. The Comanches never attacked in the dark but always on moonlit nights, when, with blood - curdling yells, they struck swiftly.

September was the preferred month because the summer rains would have left pools of water and good grass for the return trip. Some say that another reason was that the roasting ears of corn *(los elotes)* would be ready, of which Comanches were very fond. To the Comanches it was called the time of the Mexican Moon; to the Mexicans, the Comanche Moon.

The Comanche War Trail led from the Staked Plains through Big Spring, across the Pecos River at Horsehead Crossing, through Comanche Spring (Fort Stockton), a favorite watering place for Indians, on to a choice of several crossings of the Rio Grande, and into the Mexican provinces of Chihuahua, Coahuila and sometimes as far south as Durango.

The return usually was made farther east through the badlands of the Big Bend of the Rio Grande so as to be farther from U.S. troops at Presidio. The Indians might have as many as one thousand horses and mules and a number of terrified Mexican prisoners. They drove across the arid land so fast that when the Pecos River was reached, the horses frequently drank so much water that they died. The presence of so many skulls led to the name of Horsehead Crossing.

The Trail left an indelible mark upon the land. Captain John Love, an investigative rancher, said it was wide and hard when he rode over it in 1879. O.W. Williams, an attorney from Fort Stockton, Texas, said he had no difficulty in following it where it crossed the Rio Grande near San Carlos, Mexico, in 1902.

The Comanches were nomads who ranged the plains of Colorado, Kansas, New Mexico and Texas, following the buffalo and antelope north in summer and south in winter. They numbered in the thousands and refused to be dominated by anyone.

The chief purpose of the raids was to secure horses which Comanches had a great need since theirs was a nomadic life. Sometimes they used horses and mules for food because the encroaching white settlements drove game away. Some of the stolen animals might be sold to eastern Indians who were moved west of the Mississippi, or to white settlers, Comanches had no compunction about killing Mexican men, but women and children frequently were captured to become slaves.

Raids into Mexico began in the 1600s and lasted for 200 years. From that time when Indians first captured wild horses which had strayed from Spanish settlers in New Spain, they had a love affair with the horse. Comanches, especially, were devoted to them and rode as though man and beast were one. There are records of war parties of Comanches striking at such Mexican frontier posts as Saltillo, Monterrey, Chihuahua City and Casas Grandes, driving off herds of horses and cattle in the 1660s.

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Preparations for the raids included ceremonious songs and dances around a great campfire. The chosen leader would draw a map on the ground, indicating the trails to take, natural features of the land which would serve as guide posts, the location of available water, and distances between halts. Plans were made as to how to divide tasks and the plunder. There might be as many as one hundred men on a raid, since participating in one of these forays was a way of enhancing one's prestige.

Often a few women were taken along to perform the menial tasks of pitching and striking the tepees, gathering fuel, preparing food and caring for the horses. Apparently age was no deterrent, for Tave Pete, mother of the chief, Tave Tuk, was so old that when she rode she had to wear a leather thong over her head and under her chin to keep her jaws from clattering together. She would climb up to the belfry of a church in San Carlos and call out commands to the warriors intent on pilfering the village.

Once on the trail, the leader was in absolute command. The group lived off the land as they went along. Buffalo meat was preferred, but mules, snakes, insects were eaten also. Dried meat, in sheets or pounded fine, and a coarse meal made of mesquite beans were carried along for emergencies. A change in the diet could be provided by mescal (bear grass) roasted in a pit in the ground. The white head resembled cabbage and tasted like Irish potato.

The Comanche raiders were a colorful group, according to observers, as they hurried along the familiar War Trail. Generally they wore tight - fitting leggings, long shirts and mocassins of soft buckskin with a breech clout drawn through a belt in front and back. Their straight black hair was worn in two long braids interwoven with strips of bright cloth of scraps of fur, and from pierced ears hung earrings of bone, shell, silver or gold. A feather headdress completed the outfit.

They rode on cured hides of sheep or buffalo and guided their horses with rawhide bridles. Weapons they carried might be bows made from *bois d'arç* (Osage Orange tree) and metal - tipped arrows, shields of stiffened buffalo hide, flint stone battle axes. Later they secured rifles, bowie knives and machetes from Mexicans and white frontiersmen.

Scouts rode a day's journey ahead and reported back on anything unusual. Generally they were quiet as they rode along, but when they spoke, it often was in Spanish, learned from their captives.

Denver Public Library, Western History Dept.

Peets-Nah, Comanche

Midday they rested their horses and watered them if it was available. At night, while the women took care of the chores, the men gathered around a campfire. The leader lighted the sacred pipe and passed it around after a prayer was said to their guardian spirit.

In the first half of the nineteenth century, the Comanche raids increased with vigor. Thousands of Indians of the Five Civilized Tribes from the eastern United States were moved by the government to lands west of the Mississippi River. In the period from 1825-1840 there was a surge of white settlement in Texas. Not only were the Indians being crowded off their hunting grounds, but they learned that some of the whites were willing buyers of animals stolen south of the Rio Grande. In 1831 the Comanche raids were taken up in a treaty between Mexico and the United States.

There were efforts made to stop the Comanches in their depredations, but they were not very effective. In 1835 the Texas Rangers were organized to protect the frontier with Mexico against raiding Indians, Mexicans, and outlaws. The Rangers were described as men who "could ride like Mexicans, shoot like Tennesseans, and fight like the very devil."

Comanche raids reached their height in the 1840s and 1850s. George F. Ruxton, an Englishman who traveled from Mexico City to Santa Fe in 1846, described certain Mexican villages as ruined and some rural areas as being deserted because of the people's fear of the Comanches. At the time of his visit to the northern frontier of Mexico (September 1846), he estimated that upwards of 10,000 head of horses and mules had been carried off and many people killed or captured.

Another responsible person judged that in 1853, there were about 300

(continued on page 60)

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THE OUTLAW TRAIL OF THE ELUSIVE QUEJO

by Bill Kelly

If you push someone often enough, he'll either react violently or get up enough self - confidence not to care what you do. The man called Quejo used both of these choices, and a long and bloody path was cut across Nevada.

Let's go back to a time when the belief was shared with most Indians of the great Southwest that anyone with a trace of white blood was taboo, and the pernicious blood an infant acquired at birth often acted to his serious detriment through life, impairing his moral character to a deplorable extent. He moreover had to contend with these evil influences at a time when he was least able to do anything about it, and when his mind was particularly susceptible to impressions; soon he found himself reduced to the ranks of a pern.

Bill Kelly Collection

The skeleton of Quejo

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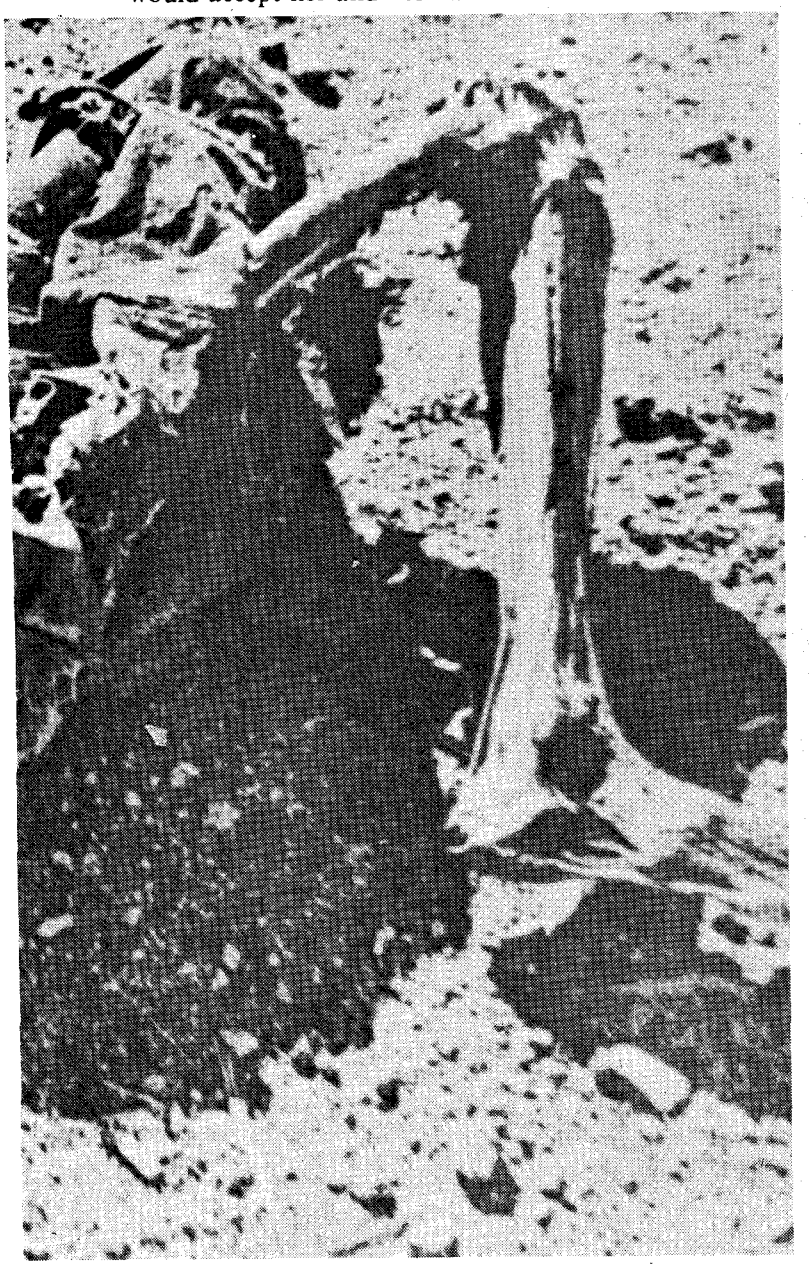
Quejo's misfortunes may be summed up with terrible simplicity. His mother was a beautiful Indian woman of the Cocopah tribe; his father was a traveling white prospector who one day raped her near the river banks of the Colorado River.

A silent witness to passions, when Quejo was born, the tribal medicine man performed a religious ceremony while the huntsmen danced and exhibited the graceful forms of reindeer seemingly engaged in combat, and the drums possessed the tribe with a peculiar and irresistible charm. The infant must have been taken down with a persecution complex as the medicine man tore him away from his screaming mother and tossed him over a nearby cliff, indicative of their crude life and surroundings.

The mother drew inaccurate pictures as she visualized her child falling into the jaws of death. Being one of responsibility, she crept out after dark and, to her amazement, found that her little son was still alive. A director of strategy, she fled with the baby, hanging onto a log and drifting downstream, bouncing from the shores of the Colorado River and ending up in the primitive caverns of Pyramid Canyon.

Among the people who dwelt in the fertile valley, none would accept her and her half-breed son.



Finally she crawled into a rock shelter, where two Paiute Indians found her lying on the desert sands near a broken barrel cactus where she tried to drain a few drops of water. The strange little infant was still trying to suck some milk from the dead woman's breast. The Paiutes buried the woman where the cave-lion once made his lair, and returned with the child back to their camp.

Quejo's life was pretty predictable; growing up in the Paiute camp, he did odd jobs from the time he could walk. When he grew a little older he went into the mining camps along the Colorado River and did work for the whites. Early settlers described him as no savage, and he attained the knowledge of an expert tracker, marksman, and remarkable horseman. Self-taught, Quejo spoke broken English.

Traditions recall that Quejo would never participate in any of the Indian games, nor would he fish or hunt with the other boys; he was content to scratch out an ordinary existence. Not thirsting for recognition, he withdrew to himself and lived with the insults about his being a half-breed hurled at him by both Indians and whites.

Demented by his inability to understand either race, the passionless Quejo decided that the moment had arrived when history would first introduce him to us. With this in view, and after careful examination of the circumstances, he watched a Paiute named Bismarck with fire in his eyes as the Paiute youth hurled insults at him, while the other boys laughed. The Paiutes little suspected that there resided deep beneath the foundations of Quejo a savage killer, once his frustrations were released. He got up, went over to his blanket, haltered his pony, and walked the animal close to the campfire. Slowly he raised his rifle and blew the top of Bismarck's head off. He then departed the picture sportingly. It had to be the worst civic disaster to befall the Paiutes since the invasion of the whites.

As the dead youth lay wallowing in his life's blood the startled Paiutes formed a posse and took out after him in hot pursuit; but the chase was more one-sided than a bull fight.

All but forgotten, a month later he struck again with insolent skill. The story goes that two Paiutes, childhood playmates of Quejo, were out camping and were watching an owl which, without the slightest hesitation or difficulty, because of its extraordinary capacity for swallowing large substances, was disposing of a frog. The picture had been received with every demonstration of delight, when the two boys looked up into the muzzle of Quejo's rifle. One was shot in the back of the head and the other had a serious stomach wound. Hunters who later came upon the dying youth were told the story, and the news was spread throughout the camp. The Paiutes now swore revenge and took out after the fleeing criminal, who was yet conscious of a certain sense of satisfaction.

The little farm in Nevada was adorned with costly piles of wood outside a shack when Quejo rode into the small homestead looking for work. The old man needed help and agreed to hire the half-breed until the area was cleared. At the dinner table one night, chiefly as an object of curiosity, or perhaps just to make himself heard in his pillar of silence, the old man began questioning Quejo about his past. With the artistry for which he was known, the renegade half-breed shot his employer, Alfred Woodward, and took to the hills, as his bosom heaved with a passing sense of triumph.

Ralph Wilson was called upon to take action, for he was the sheriff of the surrounding territory. He was known, in fact, as an establishment guy, the kind who went around pacifying the angry. He formed a posse, and at first daylight fifty well-armed men were thundering out of town in search of the killer.

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The following morning they arrived at the Gold Bug Mill, seven miles south of the Colorado River. There they found the operator, who had been shot four times and stripped of his clothing. Night and day for two weeks they combed the area and finally gave up, with no trace of Quejo. Reward posters were put on every tree and building within a hundred miles, but he remained elusive.

His favorite weapon seemed to be a .30-.30 rifle, and he seemed to spring from oblivion when he was least suspected. Just at the time his notoriety was forgotten, up he would pop again and another victim would bite the dust. His marksmanship was not really all that good. I mean, usually they lived to blow the whistle on him. But he was never caught; he always managed to escape, and the confidence of the public was shaken.

It was drawing towards the gloaming of the short winter's day when two brothers rode into Searchlight, Nevada, having spent several weeks digging for gold. They admitted candidly that they found none. In town they spoke of a man who they thought followed them for miles. After a hot meal they saddled up and started on their way again. A few miles from town, they decided that their tracker was the dreaded murderer, Quejo; the two brothers raced their horses up over the steep draw, then down into a crevice. They dismounted and with drawn pistols waited. They hadn't long to wait. Soon they heard horses' hoofs on the hard frozen ground. Then there was no sound. The two brothers waited for over an hour, pondering their dilemma.

Obviously, they had no way of knowing if the mysterious traveler was or was not Quejo but the entire region was leery of strangers. As one of the brothers slept, the other kept watch. And this is the way it was on the following morning when, after a brisk canter, and while the sun was peeking over the horizon, a flash of light for a brief second almost blinded the man on guard. Quickly he awoke his brother and pointed out the phenomenon. With extreme caution they searched the area where the sun's rays had seemingly flashed a signal of warning. Then a strange discovery was made. The two youthful faces lighted with a momentary flash as they saw it: a vein of quartz had faultlessly made its way through the wall of the canyon like a crafty panhandler. Unquestionably, it was one of the richest strikes ever to be found in Searchlight, Nevada. Having comported themselves commendably, the two brothers raced into town and registered their claim, and lived happily ever after.

You see, Quejo did have his good side.

With Quejo still on the prowl, old-timers recall that the countryside was still terrified. One posse of ten grim and furious riders said they got a glimpse of the 'night rider' but that he moved with such lightning speed, they couldn't get close to him. Things were quiet for a while.

There was an unusual stir and bustle in the old - fashioned and generally dull town of El Dorado, Nevada. The old, weather - worn, worm - eaten wooden shacks gave a haunting creaking sound as the wind passed through them, almost as if they were trying to warn inhabitants, "Quejo is coming!" For many weeks past, the weather had been tempestuous; every inhabitant of the town had passed many a sleepless night, listening to the fierce gusts of the wind that swept around their humble and often exposed dwellings, or had started out of a troubled slumber to breathe a short but earnest prayer for the safety of their loved ones. For there had come from time to time sad stories from people who had found their dearest relations murdered along the roadside, or had come home to find a murdered father or son. To the people the very word "Quejo" conveyed a shuddering impression.

The sun was already out of sight, and twilight, beautiful but short-lived, was setting in. Then a scream shattered the stillness, taken up by a second, then a third. The men of the town came running to the house of Mabel Walton. They found her bent over the body of her husband who had gone out to the woodshed to fetch some firewood. Two bullets had sunk into his huge frame; because of the rustling of the winds, no one had heard. She rose, pale and trembling, "My God," she cried. "Someone find Quejo, and kill him before he murders us all." Horsemen combed the area but never found the notorious renegade.

Far into the turn of the century no one had yet laid eyes on him. The forces of the law seemed to be exhausted — that is, until the year 1919.

Mrs. Edward Bacon was the wife of a mine supervisor in El Dorado, Nevada. She and her husband had been plagued with insurmountable difficulties; she now took in wash to help out. She was just heating the water on the wood-stove when a figure appeared in the doorway. He looked harmless enough, so when she opened the door she was met by a blast from a .30-.30 that threw her clear across the room. So much for first impressions.

It was already late in the day, and Mr. Bacon, who later claimed that he had an unaccountable premonition of fear, saddled up his horse and raced home. He found his wife and she died in his arms, giving the description of her murderer. This time he had gone too far, for he had committed the unpropitious sin of killing a woman.

Clark County Deputy Sheriff Frank Wait vowed to bring in Quejo dead or alive. He employed a Paiute, appropriately named Tracker, who was considered the greatest hunter and man-tracker in Nevada. The Paiute led the posse for days into the wilderness and virgin forest along the banks of the Colorado River where Lake Mojave now settles with tourists.

Even without personal consideration for their horses, the posse moved upward into a strange land where spring was stealing up space, working all her yearly miracles, and the air grew crisp and clear as the sky. Up here God was a generous stranger, for Quejo's clear tracks showed he was not far ahead. It is anything but easy or pleasant to be a scoundrel. It is recorded that the posse moved up along the Overton Arm of present-day Lake Mead, then into the Valley of Fire where the picturesque and varied scenery was breathtaking. Here they came upon a cave where they found clothing taken from the dead bodies of Quejo's victims. Liberated from the restraints of civilization, Quejo had brandy, ammunition, and groceries, which included cans of peaches purchased at a Las Vegas market. Ironically, there was no trail that led away from the cave. The tracker killed a wild fowl, and the little creature was shared among the posse, along with Quejo's groceries.

For the first time in his life the tracker had failed, and the dismayed party returned to their homes and to their families.

Several days later, word came from the Arizona side of the Colorado River that a family of four, including a father, mother and two boys, had been shot to death. The woman had been found floating in the river. Speculation had it that it was the work of Quejo, as this time there were no witnesses.

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

REAL WEST facts about the Indian and his way of life.

LAND ALLOTMENT AND THE RESERVATION SYSTEM

By NONO MINOR, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

In 1633 the General Courts of Massachusetts Colony provided for Indians to receive "allotments of land amongest the English." This was the first land allotment involving the American Indian. Much later, after the Indian had been conquered, a program was set up to have them become "self-supporting" by allowing some of the Indian lands to be subdivided to individual Indians through what is known as allotment in severalty — or individual ownership of small pieces of land.

August 29, 1758 brought a new set of woes to the Indian. The New Jersey State Legislature appropriated 1,600 acres of a tract of 3,044 acres in Indian Mills, Evesham township, Burlington County, New Jersey, to be used as a state reservation for the Indians of New Jersey. This was the beginning of the reservation system.

It was not until 1786, however, that the Federal Government established its first reservation for the Indians. In an act of March 26, 1804, the first official notice of removal of any Indian residing east of the Mississippi to reservations to the west of the river was issued.

Commissioner Francis Walker set the tone of the "forced reservation" period in 1871 and 1873, which lasted until 1887. He stated that when the reservation system began, it was declared the Indian should be made as comfortable *on* and as uncomfortable *off* the reservation as it was within the power of the Government to make them. If the Indian lived peacefully on the reservation they would be protected and fed; those who objected would be harassed and punished.

The Indians who objected to the reservation, (such as the Apaches under Cochise in the early 1870s, the Sioux under the leadership of Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull in the mid 1870s, and a little later the Nez Perce under Chief Joseph) were indeed harassed and eventually conquered and forced to return to the reservation.

Those Indians who lived without protest on the reservation were fed through the practice of furnishing them daily food rations and clothing. This was instituted as a by-product of the Indian Peace Treaty of the late 1860s and was continued by the Indian Bureau until the 1920s.

There were contrary views on this practice. The giving of rations was defended by Commissioner Walker who said:

"Can any principle of national morality be dearer than that when the expansion and development of a civilized race involve the rapid destruction of the only means of subsistence possessed by members of a less fortunate race, the higher is bound as a simple right to provide for the lower some substitute for the means of subsistence which it has destroyed? That substitute is, of course, best realized, not by systematic gratuities of food and clothing continued beyond a present emergency, but by directing these people to new pursuits which shall be consistent with the progress of civilization upon the continent."

Indian Agent V.T. McGillicuddy, on the Sioux reservation at Pine Ridge, South Dakota, disagreed with the rations practice, commenting:

"What reason or inducement can be advanced why an Indian should go to work and earn his own living by the sweat of his brow, when an indulgent Government furnishes him more than he wants to eat and clothes him for nothing."

With the establishment of the reservations, the government pressured the Indian into relinquishing customs and culture. Since Colonial days, Chieftainship had been encouraged as a means of tribal control. This system was not directly attacked by the Government, but the chiefs were bypassed while law and order was delegated to tribal police and Courts of Indian Offenses. This resulted in a gradual breakdown of tradition upon which the Indian had always leaned and left nothing to replace it.

Many of the ceremonies were forbidden and their native religions discouraged, while Christian missionaries were encouraged. Vicious attacks were made upon the Indian 'prophets' which culminated in the battle of Wounded Knee in 1890.

The Government took the stand they were helping the Indian through their policies towards them. In 1832, through funds authorized by Congress for smallpox vaccination of certain tribes, a health program was started. By 1870 this had extended to include medical doctors on various reservations in an effort to combat disease which took a heavy toll of Indian population.

Indian lands rapidly changed hands, and in 1857 Commissioner George Manypenny stated that in no former equal period of our history had so many treaties been made, or such vast accession of land obtained. From 1853 to 1857, through 52 separate treaties a total of 174 million acres of Indian land was acquired by the United States Government. Many allotments of land were provided through treaty to individual Indians. During the next 30 years each succeeding Commissioner of Indian Affairs, with the exception of Francis A. Walker in the 1870s, favored the policy of subdividing the large tribal-held lands into small pieces of individually owned land.

Senator Henry L. Dawes of Massachusetts introduced the Indian Allotment Act in Congress. This act, passed in 1887, was to assimilate the Indian by giving him individual ownership of land, as opposed to the collective land use and possession practiced by most Indian groups. Under this plan small tracts of tribal land, from 40 to 160 acres, would be allotted to Indian families or in-

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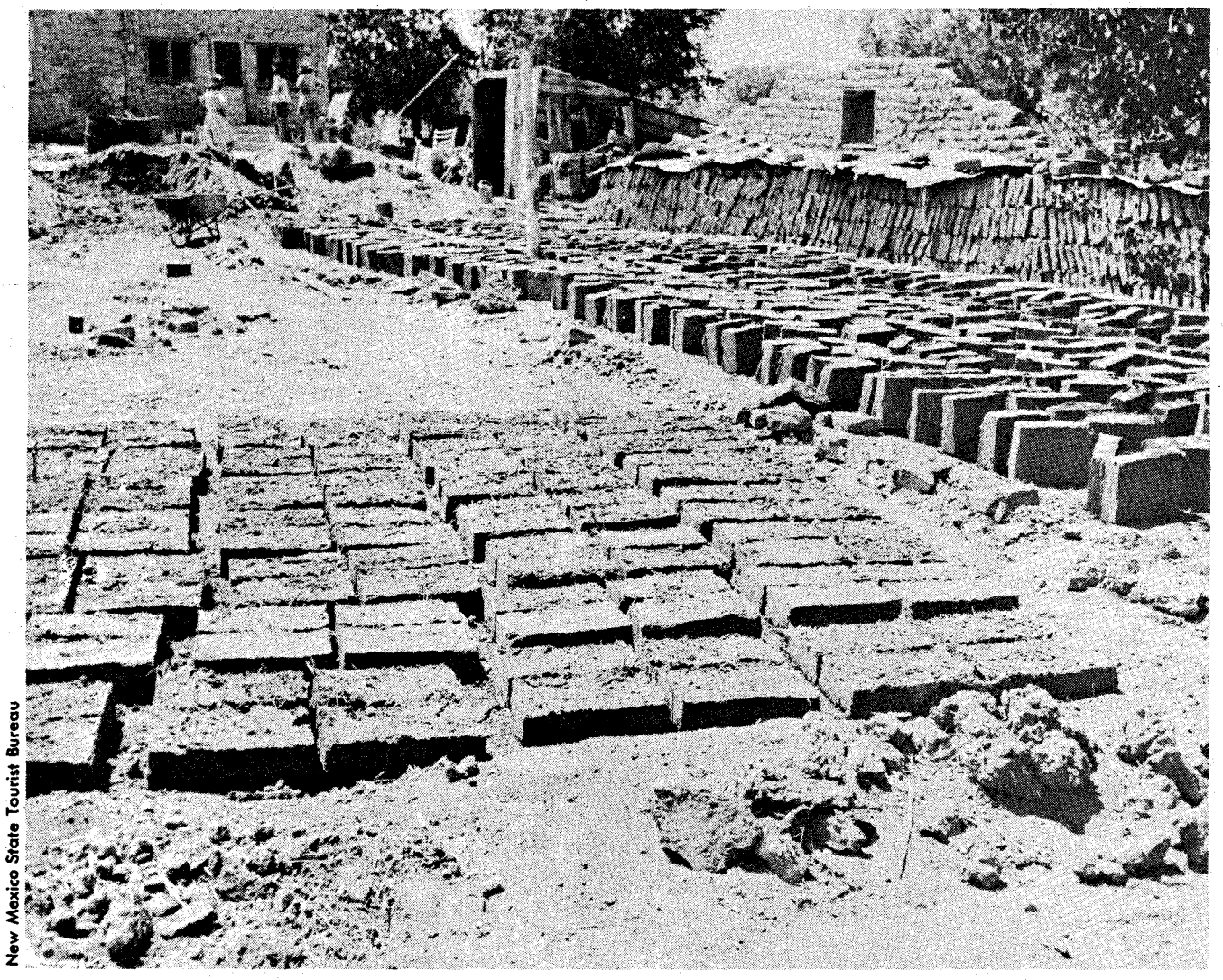
WONDER MUD

by Cy Martin



New Mexico State Tourist Bureau

Adobe bricks dry in the sun. This is made of local clay, mixed with water and straw.

It is a universal trait for children to enjoy playing in the mud. They are fascinated by mud pies and mud puddles in spite of their parents' annoyance. Grown men and women are known to splash and tramp around in the mud; but, of course, they call it *adobe*. Still, this term of Spanish-Moroccan origin only means to mix or puddle dirt, straw and water. In Western lore we talk rather freely about *adobe, adobe bricks* and *adobe buildings*. What about this mixed or puddled stuff?

Throughout the great American Southwest adobe was and is still used for building houses, garages, stores, churches, and schools. Although adobe bricks made of mud and baked only by the Southwestern sun were used for centuries, they are now being recognized as a satisfactory, reliable, practical modern building material by many people.

Adobe is more than just a building material — it avoids the sterile sameness of the usual concrete and glass cube. Any true adobe enthusiast will recite at length the virtues of "wonder mud." He has only scorn for walls which shake and rattle when a door slams shut.

Adobe walls stood for centuries, resisted the sharp teeth of rodents, were unaffected by fire and the insidious decay of rust or rot. Even the hidden secret ways of the termites were foiled by these simple sun-dried bricks. The addition of a modern asphalt emulsion now makes the bricks completely waterproof and almost indestructible.

Mud was the earliest building material used by ancient man in Assyria and Egypt, and is still widely used in Japan and China. These mud houses often lasted for centuries, for the secrets for great longevity were only a dry stone foundation and wide eaves. It was moisture absorbed from the ground or from a defective roof which was the chief cause of decay and crumbling of the adobe walls.

Earth, water and straw, with a dash of fresh manure, were the ingredients of early traditional adobe, but the manure wasn't really essential. It was only the source for

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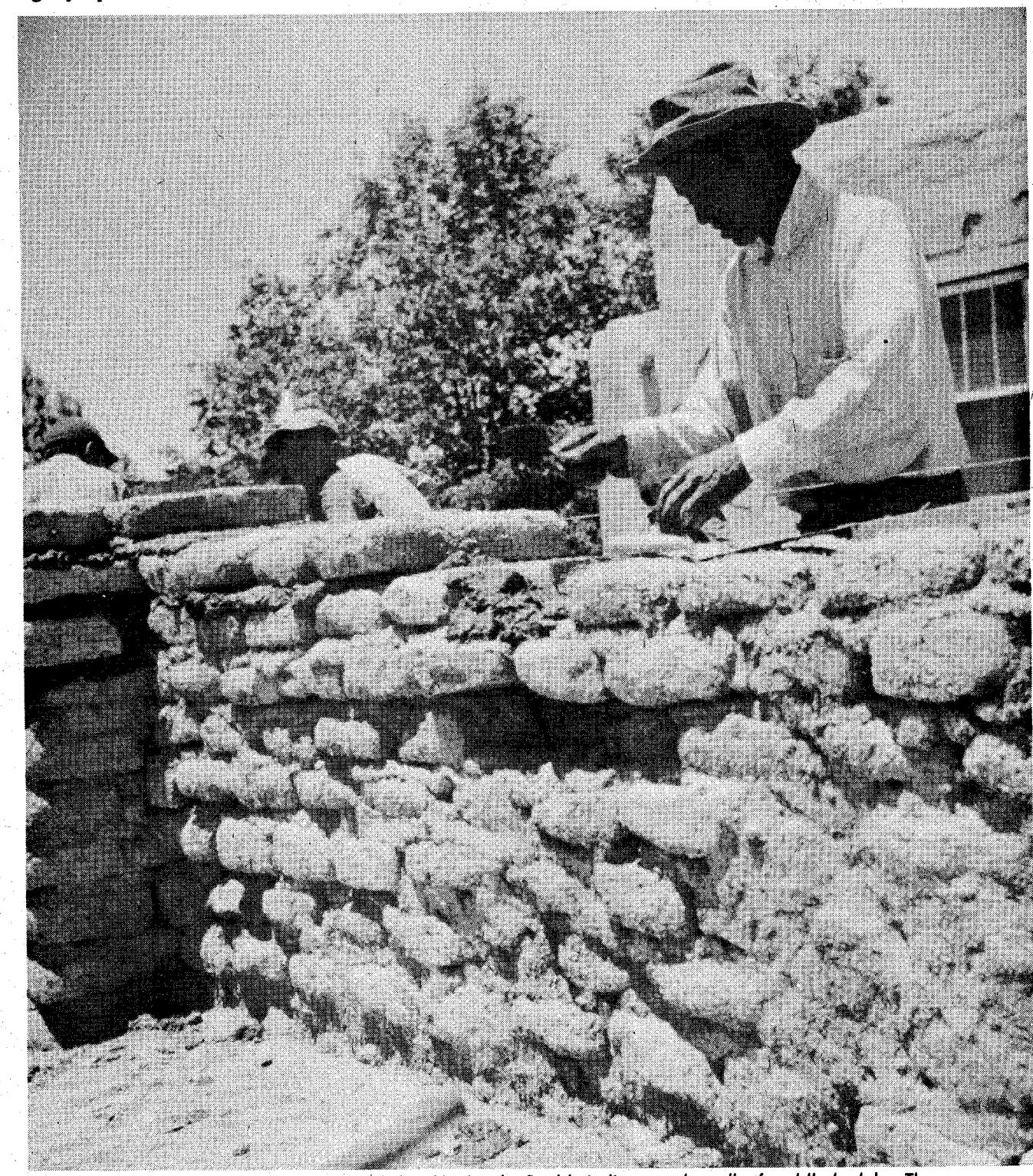
very short lengths of straw. The straw added little to the strength of the finished brick, but it did act as small breather tubes from the inside of the brick to the surface. It allowed for even evaporation of water and complete curing of the mud brick by the sun, with the inside of the adobe drying at the same rate as the outside and with less checking or cracking.

The early Mexican worker built houses and churches with materials which were plentiful and close at hand, and his results were unspoiled by factory-made perfection. After all, adobe takes kindly to being a little crooked or slightly lopsided. The thick earthen walls held out the heat of the long desert summers and held in the heat during the chilly winter nights. Adobe has natural insulating properties which are better than most modern products.

Strangely enough, adobe walls are drier than stone, building tile, concrete, brick, or even wood. They do not weep, sweat, or absorb moisture when laid properly on a solid dry foundation. If the bricks are laid directly on firm ground, some moisture will creep up from the ground and into the walls. This was where the early mud workers failed, for most of the decay in really ancient adobe buildings started at the bottom and slowly worked its way up.



New Mexico Department of Development

Prior to the Spanish conquest of New Mexico the Pueblo Indians made walls of puddled adobe. They learned the technique of making adobe bricks from the Spanish who had already mastered the art. This photograph was taken at the pueblo of Cochiti in northern New Mexico.

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New Mexico State Tourist Bureau

Here is a group of workers who have just begun an adobe pit and are mixing straw with the sticky mud. These photos were taken at the site of the present Cristo Rey Church.

The old-timers mixed adobe with a hoe, or used the bare feet of their domestic animals or playful children. An area was spaded, soaked with water and stable sweepings or other straw tramped in and worked together. And, I imagine, the children made a few mud pies and had at least one mud fight per building. In due time the puddled mess of goo was considered ready for molding into bricks.

The molds were made of wood and were usually made double to mold two bricks at a time. Besides the regular 4 x 12 x 18-inch bricks, it was often useful to have some about half this size, as well as a few odd ones to go around corners and in small places. The mud did shrink some in drying, and so usually the molds were made slightly oversize to account for this. The bricks were always cast at the drying site, since all adobe

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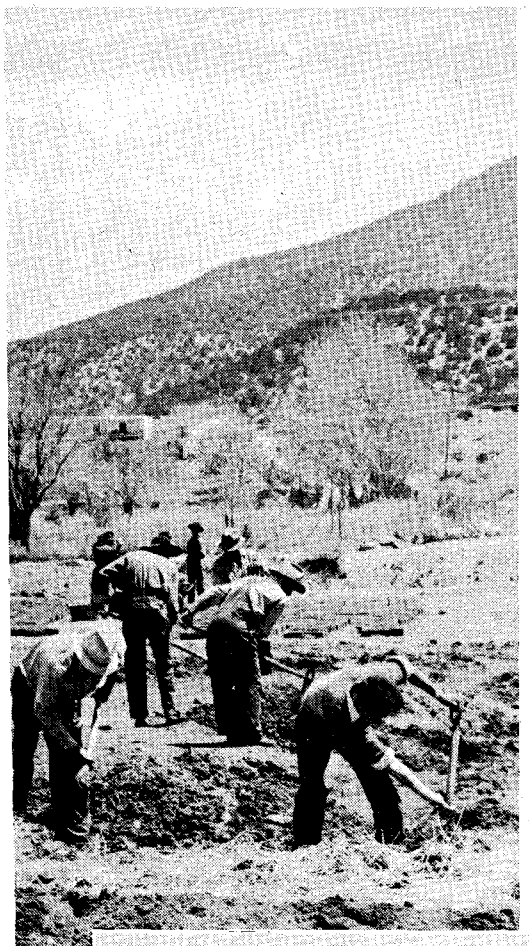

traveled poorly.

When the batch of mud was well mixed, it was shoveled into a cart or wheelbarrow and taken to the cleared drying site. There the mud was tamped firmly into the mold with the hands. The top was scraped level and the mold removed by lifting it straight up. Before the next pair of bricks was molded, the mold was washed in a tub of water kept handy for this purpose. Within a few hours on a sunny Southwestern day the bricks were dry enough to handle. They were then turned on edge and allowed to stand far enough apart for good air circulation.

A sudden desert rain did not hurt the drying adobe, except during the first few hours after they came out of the molds. The bricks were never piled flat for the slow curing process. Instead, they were stood on edge in piles a few rows high, for the bricks were heavy and quite awkward to handle. They could not be moved about except when standing on edge, but the basic material was always handy to the new building site. It usually took about 90 days for the bricks to cure before they could be set in a wall. They were given plenty of time to thoroughly cure, because green bricks settled and the wall lost its strength.

After all the bricks were made, stacked and cured, and not before, wall building was started. The mortar used for laying bricks was simply more mud. The early builders used mud mortar without any straw or manure added. In modern-day adobe buildings concrete mortar is used. In extremely dry weather the bricks were given a light sprinkle of water before setting into the mortar.

Adobe walls rarely exceeded 25 feet in length unless they were supported by buttresses or cross walls. However, the height of the wall was entirely dependent upon its thickness at the bottom, and the higher the wall, the thicker it was at the bottom. If a wall was only 12 inches thick, it never went over 9 feet in height; but if it was 18 inches thick at the bottom, it could be 14 feet in height. This fact accounts for the 4- and 6-foot thick walls in some of the early California adobe missions.

Early-day adobe houses did not have eaves, and the roof was liable to be only a mat of woven branches placed on poles, with a layer of mud

New Mexico State Tourist Bureau.

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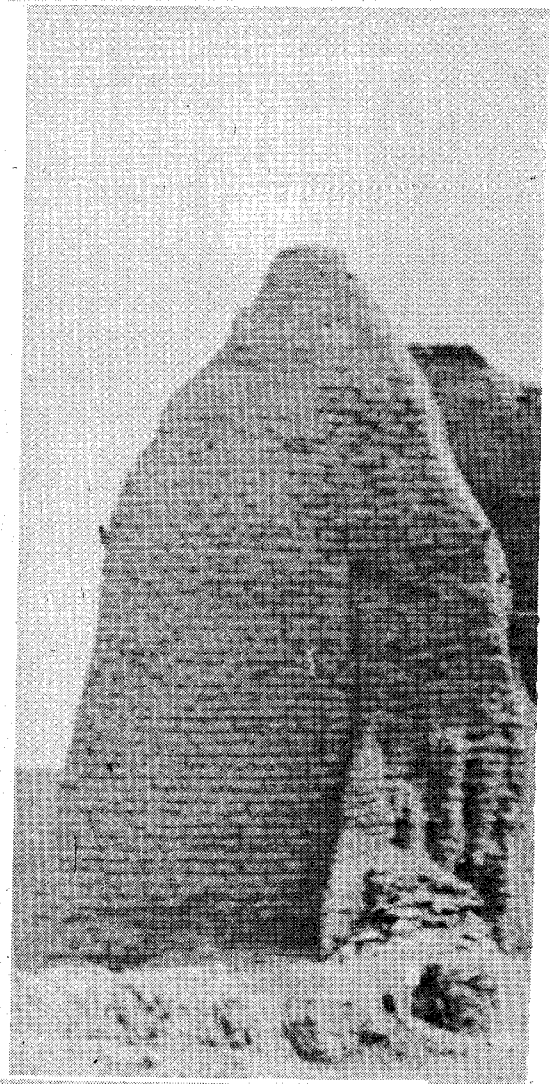
These men are laying out the bricks for drying, after they were molded.

New Mexico Dept. of Development



Cy Martin Photo

Adobe remains of the Hospital at Fort Union National Monument, Watrous, New Mexico as it appeared in March 1966.

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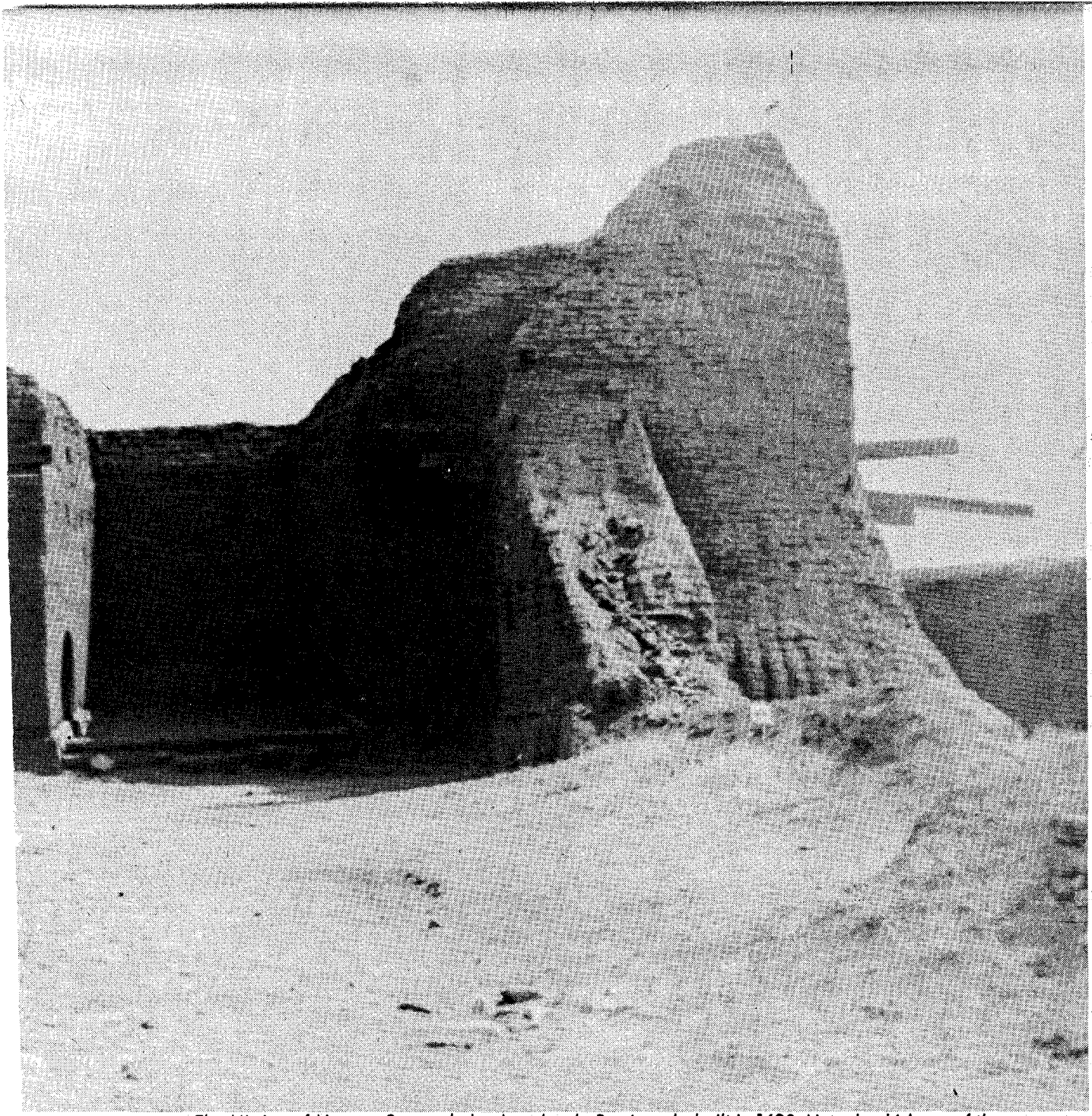

Cy Martin Photo

The Mission of Nuestra Senoa de los Angeles de Porciuncula built in 1620. Note the thickness of the walls and huge buttress needed for support. This building was built on a dry foundation so decay started at the top and worked down. This is at Pecos National Monument, as the church looked in March 1966.

covering the whole thing. The adobe buildings of early California were usually roofed with red clay tiles or with wood shakes, and had a stone foundation. These good roofs and dry foundations made them last all these years. Many of the historical sites in California are such mud-pie buildings. (Sutter's Fort, Petaluma Adobe, Ide Adobe, and Monterrey Customs House are among many others.)

The interior walls were plastered smooth with a layer of mud, usually put on by hand. The outer walls were also plastered smooth with mud and frequently whitewashed with lime, with perhaps some color added to the lime mixture which made the buildings distinctive. Both the outer and inner plastering cracked frequently, but it was easily replaced.

Fireplaces, ovens, and even stoves were made of adobe, though they did not withstand excessive heat. The Spanish quarter-round corner fireplaces with a mantel was common and heated a room quite well. Periodically they needed repair, but this was the simple process of replacing the burned and chipped mud with a newly mixed batch.

Maybe making mud pies or adobe bricks is not too foolish a pastime after all, for adobe is really marvelous stuff. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Encyclopedia A[redacted]a, Vol. 1, p. 147.
Information furnished by the New Mexico State Tourist Bureau.
Personal conversations at several adobe building sites.

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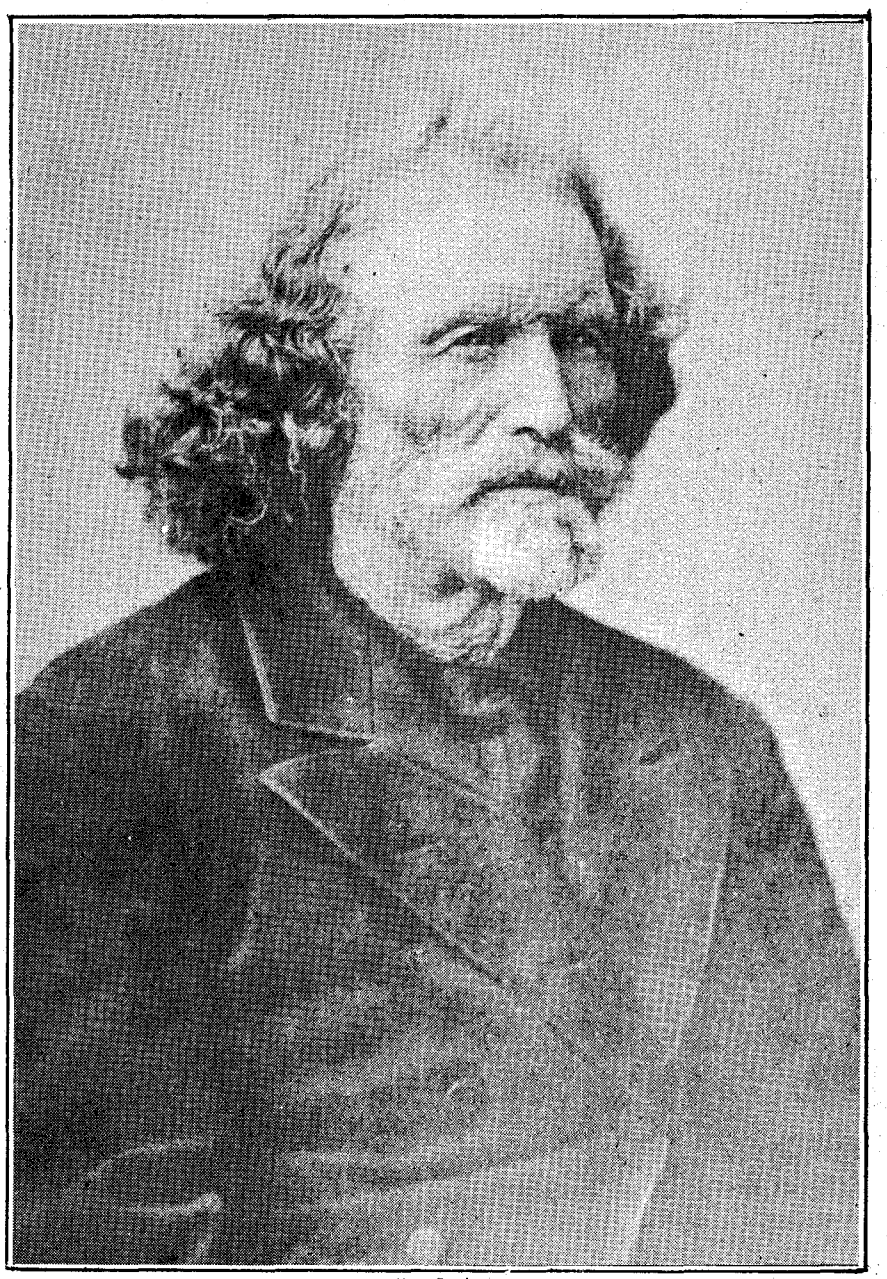
JIM BAKER: Mountain Man

by Lillian Pickering



The State Historical Society of Colorado

Jim Baker

The two grizzly cubs were wrestling and playing together. They were about the size of well-grown dogs. The two men setting traps in the water stopped their work to watch them. The men were Jim Baker and a companion. They were at the headwaters of the Grand River, running a set of beaver traps. Jim had shot many a grizzly (a mountain man in those days had to, if he wanted to stay alive), but this time he thought he would have a little fun. To his companion he said, "I believe we can pitch in and scalp those varmints with our knives. It would sure be something to boast of." They laid aside their rifles, drew their long knives, and approached the cubs, each taking one.

Jim's cub reared up, ready for the fight. Every time Jim lunged, the cub parried the blow. As Jim circled, hoping to get in a side stab, the cub turned to face him. They sparred face to face. Jim was wary, for though young, the cub had long claws and was quite strong. A swipe of those claws could be disastrous. So they danced around, not in joy but in a dance of death. Jim's partner was having even less success. He started hollering for help, as he was exhausted. But Jim was too busy with his own cub right then to lend his partner any help.

The bear made a furious lunge at Jim. As they grappled, Jim was able to give the bear a death wound under the ribs. Then he could turn his attention to the other bear. As soon as he joined the fight, the other man ran away. He was completely worn out and only too glad to escape. After several fierce rounds, Jim was able to kill this cub, too. But he allowed that he would never fight another grizzly without a good shooting iron in his hand.

Jim Baker had been born in Illinois and lived there until he was eighteen. Then, as so many young men did in those days, he went to St. Louis. Here he signed on with the American Fur Co. and went to the mountains. Following the habit of the times, he married an Indian woman. He lived with her tribe for several years, and absorbed many of their beliefs. He knew the medicine men could cure, since one had cured him. It had happened that he had been hunting out with "his" tribe. They were jumped by some Blackfeet braves. During the fight, Jim received an arrow in his arm. On their return to their camp, the medicine man had Jim come to his tepee. He performed a ceremony over the wound. He shook rattles and sang. He had Jim swallow some seeds. Jim's wound healed up nicely. On another occasion, the party was out after Blackfeet. They couldn't find any. The medicine man was called in, and he went into a dream. Then he said, "They are in camp at the Parting of the Waters. They are going horse-stealing. We can slip up on them." The Indians talked it over. They decided where the "Parting of the Waters" was, and off they went. As foretold by the medicine man, they were able to slip up on the Blackfeet and scalp every one of them. They stole all their horses, too. Yes, Jim had great faith in the medicine man.

Regretfully, Jim had one failing. He was forever taking "a drop too much"

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of whiskey. One time, when he was "under the influence," he became convinced that his wife was unfaithful, though he really was very fond of her and their children. Grabbing his hunting knife, he approached their cabin, hollering, "I'll cut off one of her ears." His hunting partners rushed to her defense and saved her from suffering the mutilation bestowed on an errant spouse (woman, that is.)

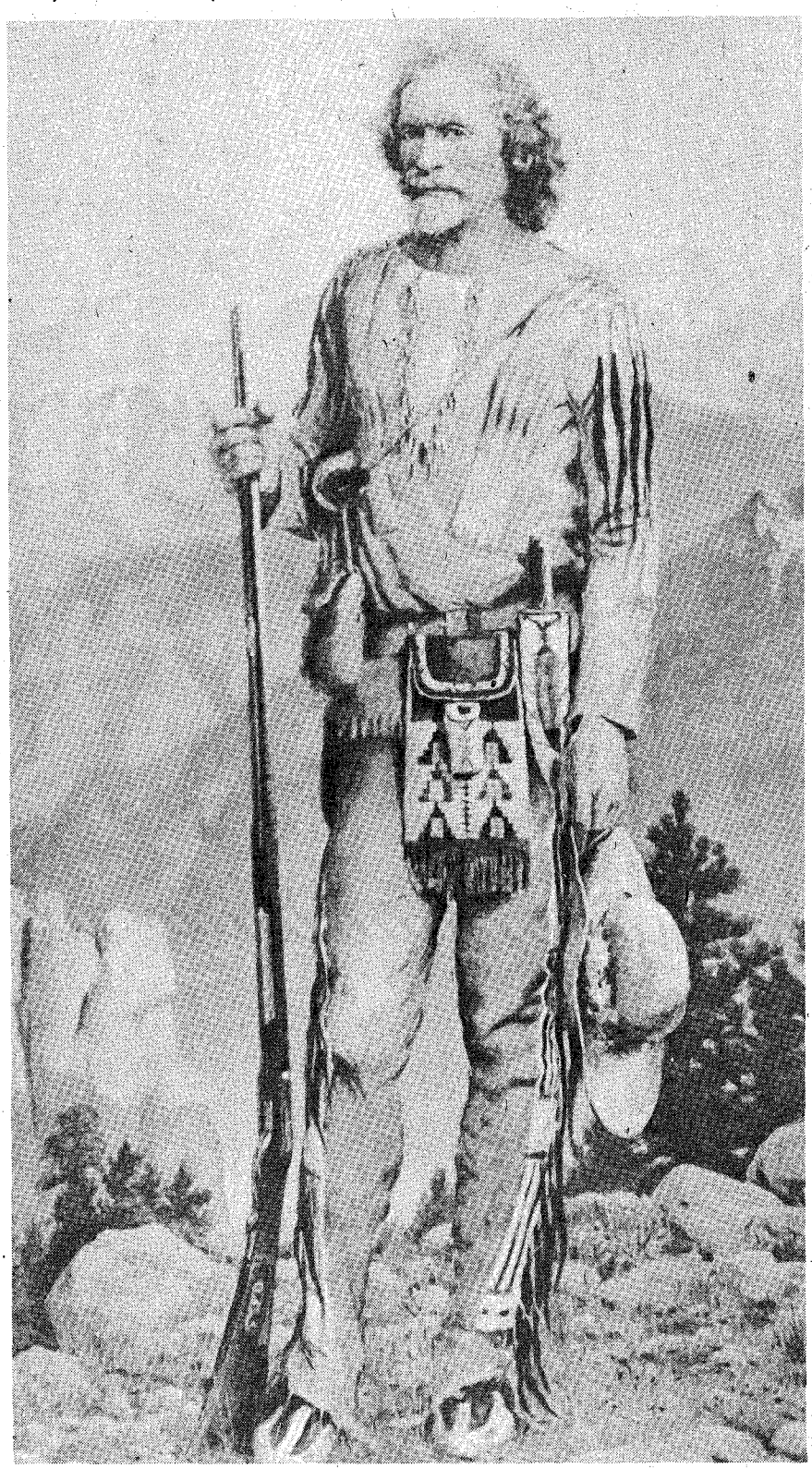
In 1857 he was one of the scouts who accompanied Captain Randolph Marcy on his mid-winter expedition from Ft. Bridger, Wyoming, to Ft. Massachusetts, Colorado. After recuperating at Ft. Massachusetts, Captain Marcy and Jim went to Taos, New Mexico. There Jim decided to spend some of his pay for a complete set of "civilized" clothes. He discarded his buckskins and moccasins, and donned his new apparel. When Marcy saw him, he said, "Why, Jim, I hardly knew you in those clothes, and without your beard." But Jim was in no condition to appreciate the compliment; his feet hurt too much. "Confound these here store boots, Captain. They choke my feet like —." No wonder, for after wearing moccasins for twenty years, his feet could not adjust to breaking in a pair of poor-fitting, stiff leather boots. The next time Marcy saw him, Jim had kicked off the boots and put on some soft moccasins.

Jim, as had so many other mountain men, often made a large sum of money trapping and trading. But no matter how much, he always ended the rendezvous broke. One time he made about $9,000. He decided he would go back East — go home. First he must bid his pals "Good-bye." He had a few drinks, took a hand in a card game, and next morning woke up broke. He returned to his life with the Indians.

Later, he settled down at the crossing of the Green River and did business with the emigrants. However, a Frenchman soon moved in and set up opposite Baker's establishment. Naturally, hard feelings resulted. This led to hostilities, and finally to outright war. When Captain Marcy came on the scene, Jim was drunk and taking potshots at his rival. The two had had a quarrel that morning, which resulted in a challenge. Now they were shooting it out. They would empty their pistols at each other, rush in the cabin, take a drink of whiskey, and return to shoot again. Fortunately, their aim was bad. Baker submitted quietly when Marcy took his pistols away. The Captain told him, "You're too smart to act like that. Here, give me your pistols." The next morning, Jim called on Marcy's camp. He apologized, "I sure acted like a fool yesterday. It's a good thing you came along and took my shooting irons. Otherwise, I'd sure have killed that 'parley-voos.' " He went on to say, "And, Captain, that's the first drink I've had since we were in Taos. Yeah, Cap, when I get that fire water in me, I sure act like a fool."

Captain Marcy returned the pistols. They said "Good-bye" and that was the last Marcy saw of Baker. He evidently ended his days there in the mountains he loved. ● **RW**

Source:
Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border, Randolph B. Marcy
1866 Edition Unabridged with an introduction by Edward S. Wallace
Keystone Western Americana Series,
J.B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and New York, 1963



Painting of Jim Baker by C. Waldo Love.

The State Historical Society of Colorado

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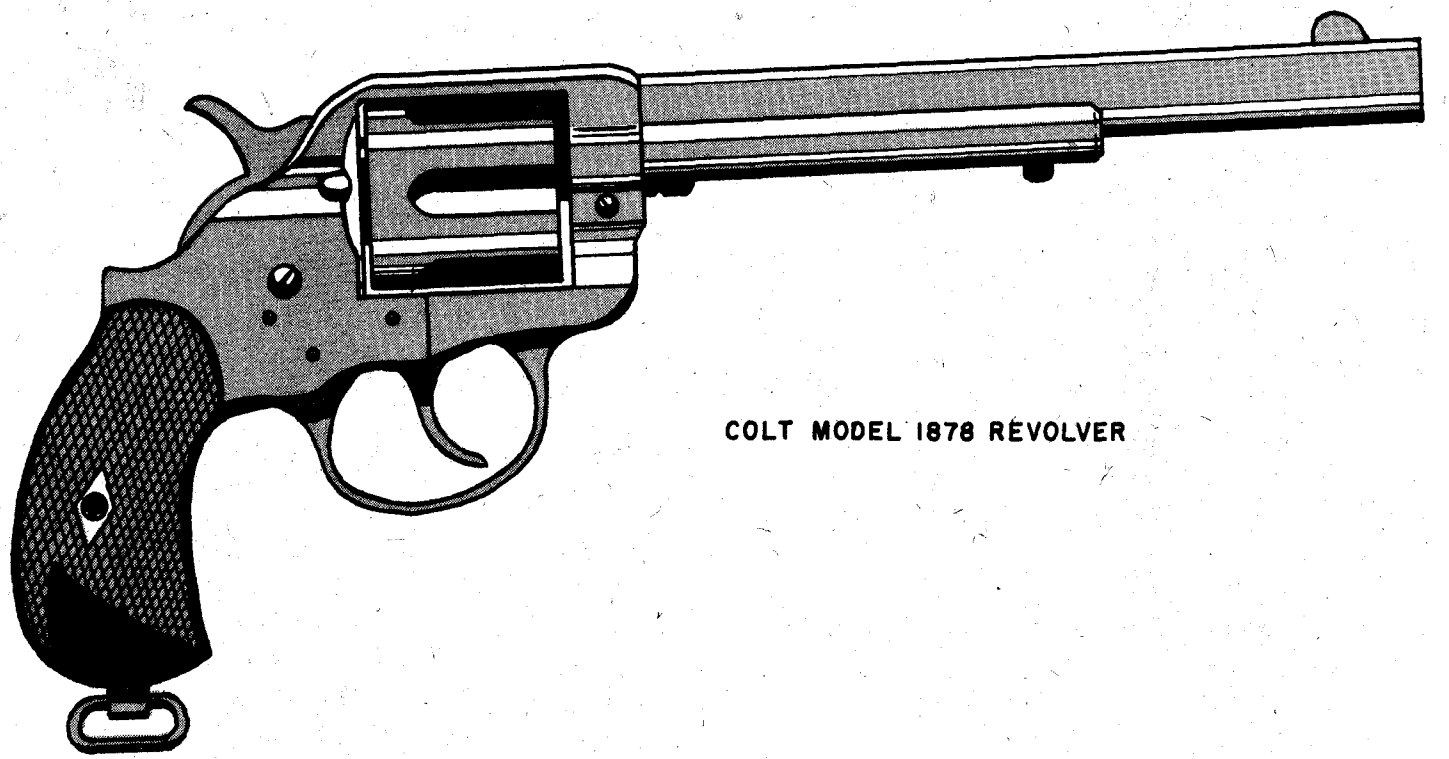
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



COLT MODEL 1878 REVOLVER

Only five years after the introduction of the Colt Single-Action "Army" and "Frontier" Revolvers, a double-Action Army and Frontier Revolver made its appearance. This was the model 1878.

This was only the second "double action" or self-cocking model ever produced by the Colt firm. Their first one was the "Lightning" Model, known to have been a favorite of Billy the Kid, because of his small hands. The Lightning Model had been in .38 caliber, while a .41-caliber version had been named the "Thunderer," with the flair for showmanship which was a carryover from the deceased Sam Colt.

All of the first type and second type of double-action Colts had one thing in common. The configuration of the frame, and of the ejector housing (when present), showed the influence of the earlier single-action model. The most noticeable difference from the single action, in both cases, was in the shape of the grip (important to a shooter).

Several major points of difference should be noted between the Lightning type and the Model 1878, as both became popular in the still raw West. Although basically similar in appearance, the M1878 was a larger arm, made for much more powerful cartridges. Its heavier frame and new design of the loading gate help us to distinguish between the two types at a glance.

The Model 1878 had a removable trigger guard, but the grip straps were forged as part of the frame. (In the single action, these also were removable.) The '78 had a circular plate on the left side of the frame, which could be removed to allow access to the inner mechanism.

Barrel lengths ranged from 3½ inches to 7½ inches, if ordered without an ejector, in which case the front of the frame was trimmed down for better appearance. With ejector housing attached, the standard barrel lengths were 4¾, 5½ and 7½ inches, like the single action. A major exception to this will be noted later.

This was the first Colt double action to make available a wide choice of calibers. The M1878 "Army" model took the Colt .45 center-fire revolver cartridge, which is still manufactured and remains a respected round. Like the single action, the "Frontier" model was chambered for the .44-.40, .38-.40 or .32-.20 Winchester cartridges, so that the westerner could carry a revolver and a rifle taking the same ammunition. A great convenience. It

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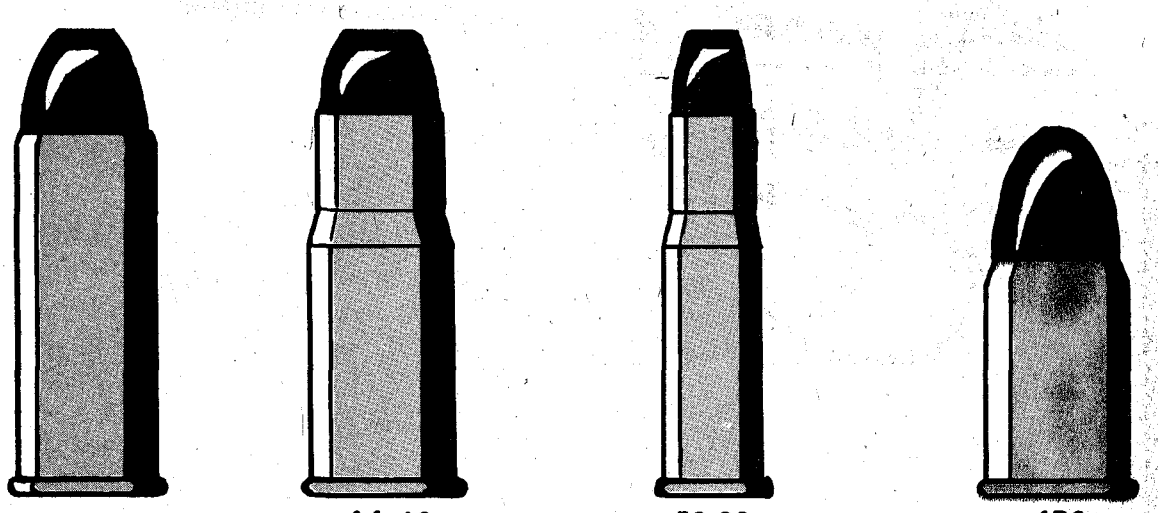
COLT MODEL 1878 DOUBLE-ACTION REVOLVERS



SOME M1878 CARTRIDGES

Sketched by author

also could be had in the earlier .38 and .41 calibers, and for the British trade, in .450, .455 and .476 Elev.

Unlike some other Colts, it is not believed to have ever been made in .22 rimfire.

Except for the double-action feature, operation was similar to the familiar single-action Colt. The loading gate was opened and cartridges in chambers, as the cylinder was turned by hand. In reverse procedure, empty cases were pushed out by the spring-loaded ejector rod as each chamber was aligned with the loading gate recess.

This still was not as fast to load as the big Smith & Wesson "top-break" models of the period, such as the Schofield Model. However, Colt temporarily forged ahead of their chief rival because early Smith & Wessons in man-stopper calibers were still single action. The first S&W double actions were lacking in power.

Of interest to collectors and historians is a special model of this Colt type. In 1902 Colt filled a U.S. Government contract for about 5,000 double-action revolvers in .45 Colt caliber. Otherwise similar to the M1878, the so-called Model 1902 had a 6-inch barrel, and a lanyard swivel in the base of the grip. A distinguishing feature was an unusually large trigger guard and extra long trigger. As this was meant to accommodate a hand in a thick glove, this variation is popularly termed the "Alaskan" model. It is a highly sought-after collector's item today.

The M1878 was the last of the big Colts to follow such an early design. Before the end of the century, the company was to introduce the "left-wheeler" or swing-out cylinder style that is most popular now.

But this most powerful of Colt's very early double actions came at a time when it was appreciated. The day of the O.K. Corral and other famous gunfights was still ahead. The era of the bandit gangs was at its peak. The Graham-Tewksbury feud was yet to come, and the Lincoln County War was far from over.

While many of these hardcases remained loyal to the familiar single action, others welcomed the big double action, putting speed of firing above speed of loading!

Although he was not impressed by the smaller Lightning model, one famous frontiersman who liked the M1878 was Buffalo Bill Cody. Some of his many photos show him wearing one.

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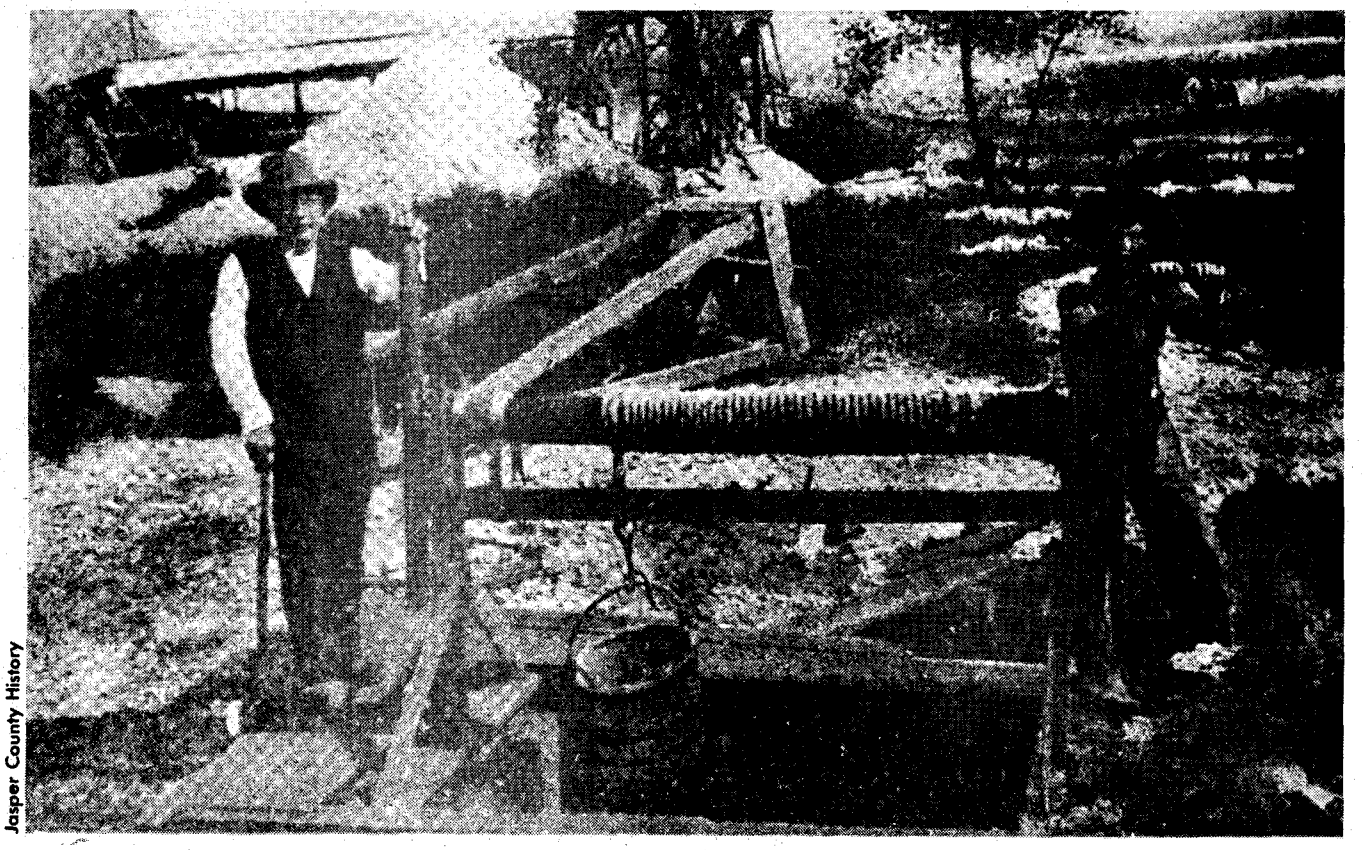
The stories of boom towns have always held a certain fascination for readers. While most of these settlements arose from the discovery of precious metals, there were other minerals that also had a high market value in industry — as was discovered near Short Creek.



Jasper County History

Old-fashioned Windlass

SHORT CREEK DIGGINGS

by Wayne T. Walker

On an extremely warm afternoon in April 1877, four boys decided to go swimming in a deep hole formed by a spring branch at the northern end of the Moll farm, in southeast Kansas.

Deciding they needed a diving board, the youthful quartet found a sturdy plank and proceeded to fasten one end securely to the embankment. In the process, they dislodged several stones that seemed to be unusually heavy for their size. Upon closer examination, they found the stones to be solid chunks of lead. Excitedly, they went running with their ore find to the old German farmer.

Egidius Moll had bought 160 acres of land south of Short Creek near the Kansas - Missouri state line. It was rocky ground and not very conducive to farming, but Moll was managing to eke out a cornbread living.

A few days after the news of the lead strike had gotten around, the mad rush was on. Only a month previous, two partners — John Shaw and John McAllen — had sunk a shaft on the Nichols farm, located on Short Creek just north of the Moll homestead. On March 21 they had struck a rich vein of the heavy, bluish - white rock that gleamed. It was galena, which is lead sulphide — the principal ore of lead.

Within thirty days of these two discoveries, an estimated 10,000 people were swarming over the area.

Several southwest Missouri men — Billy Barnes, Jack Mesemer and Joseph Hoy — bought forty acres from Moll, the land becoming known as the "Hoy Forty." The German guaranteed they would make money. If they didn't mine $700 worth of lead in a year he would buy the land back for the same money they had paid for it. The "Hoy Forty" was never relinquished to Moll, for it yielded $2,000,000 worth of ore.

The Galena Mining and Smelting Company — comprised of John M. Cooper and William Street of Baxter Springs, Kansas; Colonel Fairbanks of Joplin, Missouri; and two prospectors named Cornwell and Johnson — paid $1,000 for the remaining 120 acres of Moll's farm.

A town was laid out, and the ore strike fever was so great that as quickly as lots were staked off they were sold. Buildings were built and businesses were established in them as quickly as they were finished. Every kind of build-

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Jasper County History

First attempt at a hoister (a whip).

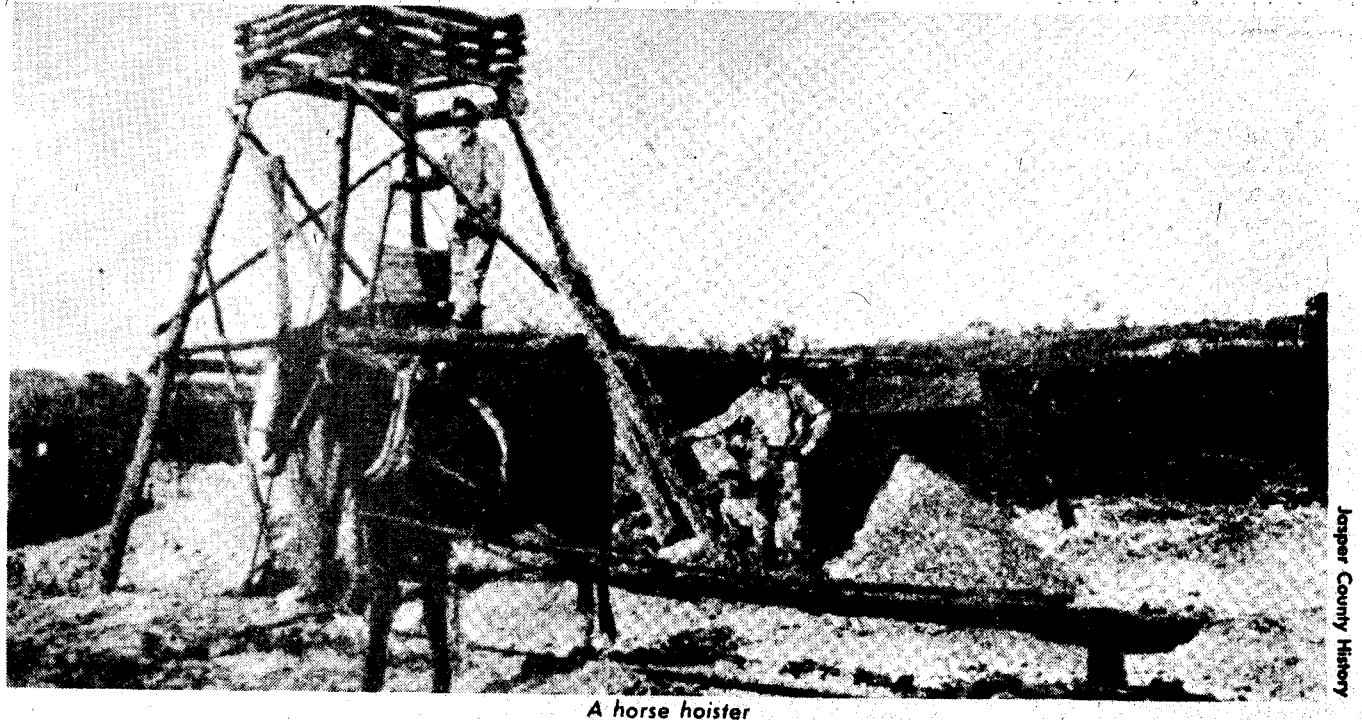
ing material was utilized as the miners threw up a shack or shanty to live in, disregarding appearance. Mine shafts and tailings of dirt and rock were scattered all over the new townsite of Galena, Kansas.

Galena was incorporated as a third-class city on June 19, 1877. The first mayor was G.W. Webb, and the first postmaster in the post office established that same year was L.G. Weldy. On May 16 the first newspaper hit the street — the Galena *Miner*. As with all mining camps, Galena was lusty and violent.

To the north of Galena, on the opposite hill across Short Greek, the Empire Mining and Smelting Company bought 200 acres and founded the town of Empire City. This company was made up of Samuel Crawford (ex-governor of Kansas), Patrick Murphy (one of the founders of Joplin, Missouri), and S.L. Cheney. In 1881 these men built the first steam mill on their property. A smelter for the reduction of lead ore to pig lead had been built in Galena by the Galena Lead & Zinc Company in 1879, and the erection of the mill and smelter resulted in a great increase in ore during the next decade.

The main street of Galena ran from south to north, linking the two mining camps of Galena on the south side of Short Creek and Empire City on the north. Called Red Hot Street in Galena, this main thoroughfare was lined with saloons and pleasure joints of one kind or another.

These hard-rock miners, for the most part, lived violently and dangerously on the job and off. Fights were common and shootings were numerous. At one time it took over thirty doctors in the two mining camps to patch up the wounded, care for the sick, and deliver babies into the madcap world.



Jasper County History

A horse hoister

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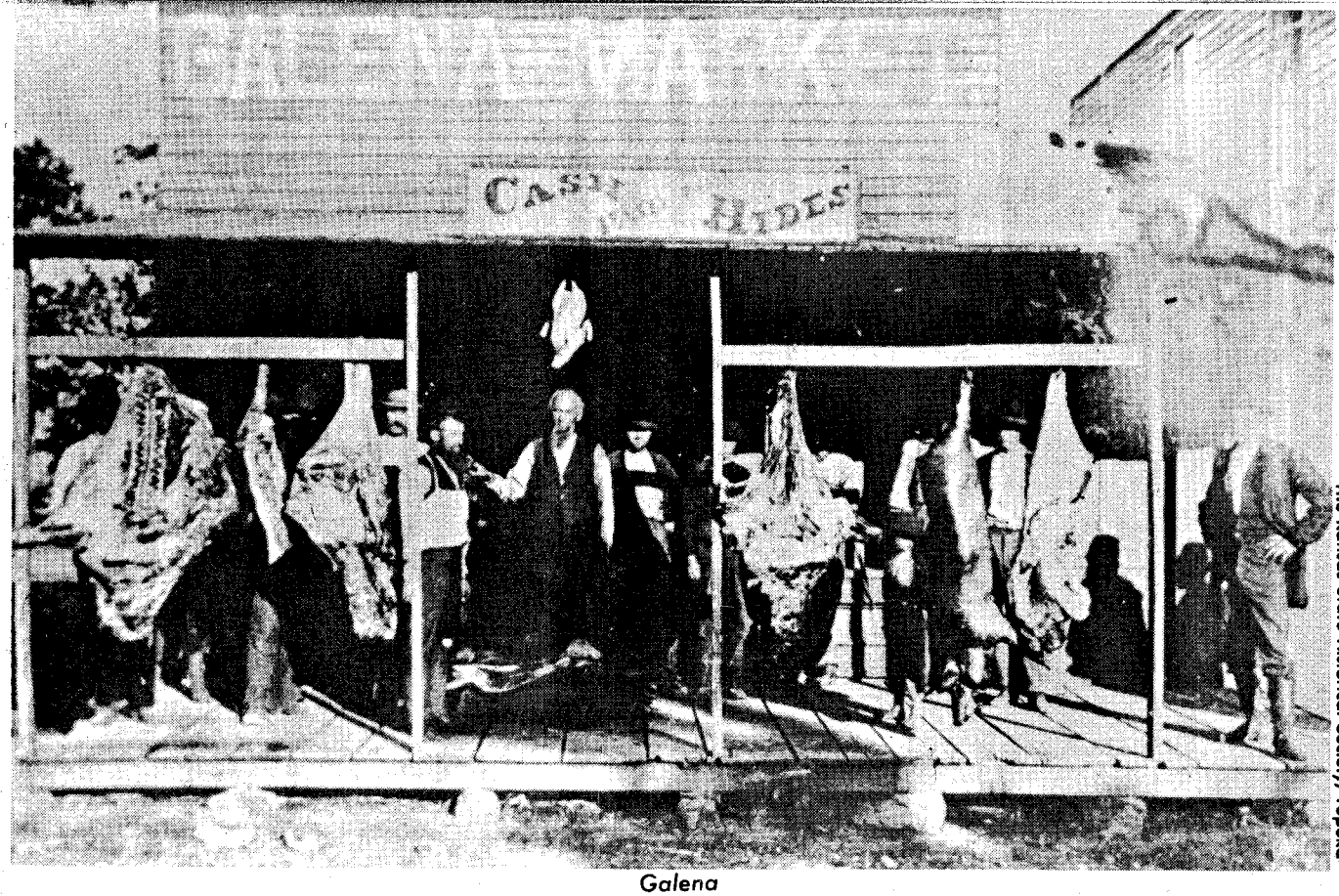

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Galena

D. Clemuel Hood Jones, or "Old Doc Jones" as he was better known, arrived in 1900 while the Galena district was still wild and woolly. Men were being shot down daily on Red Hot Street, and "Old Doc" sewed up many a knife or gunshot wound after he arrived. One of these was a notorious ruffian named Tiger Bill, who was finally shot and killed on the hellish avenue of sin. After the boom declined and the other doctors left the diggings, "Old Doc Jones" remained to become mayor of Galena three times.

Another mayor of Galena who had already made a name for himself when he arrived at the Short Creek camps in 1877 was William Smith. He had been city marshal of Wichita during the turbulent cattle drives from Texas, as well as a deputy United States marshal under William S. Tough. Smith operated a mine at the Short Creek diggings with Jim Murphy, brother to wealthy Pat Murphy. Besides being mayor, Smith was also the Galena postmaster for several years.

Many a fortune was made and lost in the lead and zinc fields. Any man, no matter how hard up he might be, could go into the diggings and secure a sub-lease or contract upon a lot, sink his own shaft, and then, if luck were fortuitous, he would get a new start on life in about four to six weeks time. A popular story in the mining fields concerned a young man who borrowed a few dollars from his father to secure a piece of ground and was soon digging zinc from just below the surface. He amassed a fortune and was eventually giving his father spending money.

A colorful personality of the Short Creek diggings was Oliver W. "Oll" Sparks, who was superstitious and wore a good-luck charm of iron pyrite, or "fool's gold." He had found the beautiful specimen and had been quite taken by it, so he had it polished and set in a watch fob. On the first day he wore it, he located a prospect site for a mine and named the spot Red Onion, because he enjoyed eating them. After developing the mine only a few weeks, Oll Sparks sold the mine for $20,000.

This kind of luck continued for Sparks for several years, and he never failed to credit it to the charm he wore. In partnership with W. Sapp and H. Blackford, he located ore on their "Lost 40"; the following year it was found by the partners at the "Shelbine"; with another partner, John Murdock, he discovered ore at their famous "Maggie Murphy" mine; together with E.R. Schermerhorn and J.C. Moore, he owned the prosperous "Bunco" mines. Thus, it appeared his luck would never run out. He even sold an entire grouping of mine developments for $200,000.

One day the bubble burst; his good-luck charm was shattered when a flying rock struck him in the mining fields. From this day on, every venture of Oll Sparks turned sour and was a devastating failure. Finally, all of his swiftly amassed fortune was wiped out.

In the beginning of the mining venture in the Galena area, only shallow mining was carried out — sinking a shaft and opening an ore body at a depth of 50 to 150 feet. The shafts ran four by four feet in the clear or less, cribbed down to the solid rock, through which the rock was blasted out in round or circular fashion to the ore body, with the diameter conforming to the surface size of that particular shaft.

As time progressed, so did the machinery used to work the mines. The hand windlass gave way to the horse hoist.

At first, the ore was hoisted out in an iron - strapped wooden tub of nearly a half - barrel capacity. The tub was also used for a water bailer. It hung from a pigtail hook fastened into a hemp rope wound on the windlass. The first tools of the trade were very primitive and required backbreaking labor to get the job done.

The gouger (independent miner) worked underground by aid of a wrought - iron candle holder or the small "Sunshine Lamps" with a can-

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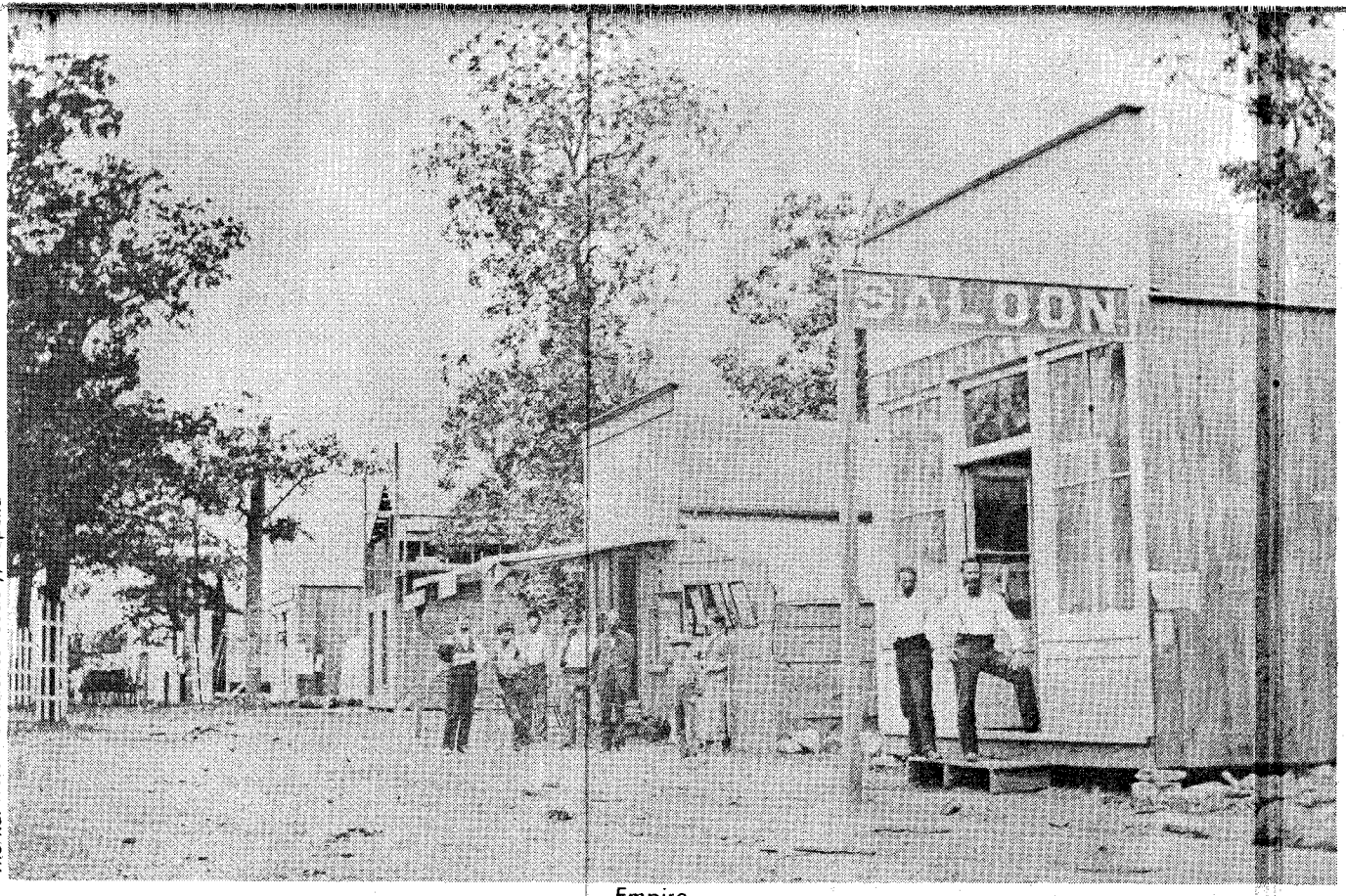

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Empire

dle on their caps; later, oil was used for their lamps. These smoked terribly, and this, mixed with the smoke from the blasting powder, used to dislodge ore bodies, blackened the miners' features and bodies. They were kept soaked by cold, dripping water. It came as no surprise when a strong, healthy miner came down with "miners' consumption." He protected himself from a cave-in by a crude type of timbering of sturdy sets and overhead pole lagging.

To separate the lead ore from the gangue and other waste materials, the old-time gouger equipped himself with a hand maul and a cull - fork, a makeshift long pole, hand - operated grate and smitten boxes for jigging. Sometimes he would erect a lean-to or brush arbor over this to protect himself from the hot sun or inclement weather.

Later, the local mine operators went from the old primitive mining methods to machinery representing the latest and most improved equipment to bring the ore from the earth. Seldom was the old, hand windlass seen, even on the new prospect shafts; horsepower had become the most widely used, and on the top ground of the higher - financed mines could be seen the more expensive steam - powered hoists.

There were two kinds of hard-rock miners: those who saved their money to take decent care of their families and become useful and prosperous citizens; then others who deserted their wives and let their children go hungry while they recklessly spent their hard - earned money in the saloon, gambling halls, and other pleasure dives. The Short Creek diggings had its share of both kinds.

The two camps of Galena and Empire City were bitter rivals, and to make matters worse, one of the mining companies which had control of the land along the Short Creek bottoms between the two camps had a timber stockade fence built, cutting them off from one another. The fence was ten feet high and a half mile in length.

A letter written by Charles Topping, a former resident of Empire City, was quoted in Livingston's History of Jasper County (Mo.):

"...The West Joplin Mining Company owned the land Empire City was on, and all the lead was on their land. Several Galena men on Red Hot Street paid better prices for the lead than the company did, so miners sometimes 'forgot' to turn in their output until after dark. Then their mineral boxes would be broken into and robbed. It was to stop this that the company got the idea to build the stockade fence between the two towns.

"This was built of timber about the size of fence posts, set in a deep ditch, and it was made high enough and strong enough to turn anything, from a man to a mule; and it was long enough almost to shut out Galena from the rest of the world, to the west and north. Nearly everybody in both towns, except the West Joplin Mining Company, was opposed to the building of this stockade.

"Early one morning in the fall of 1877 there was a great noise in the direction of Red Hot Street. When the people looked that way, they saw a big fire. The stockade had been chopped down, saturated with coal oil, and was being burned; and there was plenty of another liquid, which was being carried in buckets and delivered to the men who were doing the work.

"The mining company had guards to protect the stockade, but they were conspicuous by their absence at that time. Only one man was hurt. He was one of the workmen who insisted on setting in more posts. He got shot in the leg. The mob was fired with whiskey, and there probably would have been more burning that night, had not cooler heads advised them to desist. The stockade was rebuilt — or an attempt was made to rebuild it. An injunction was "sued out" in the courts, and the stockade was declared unlawful. Although the mass of citizens of Empire opposed the stockade, and many of the miners in that town assisted in tearing it down,

(continued on page 64)

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From SASKATCHEWAN To COLORADO

William Early's Best Remembered Journey

by Jerome Qwert

Many inexperienced pioneers poured into the West in the 1800s, but William Thomas Early wasn't one of them. When he arrived in Fort Collins in the summer of 1886, he could claim to be an experienced homesteader and a world traveler. And, though he didn't know it at the time, he had found a home at last.

William Early was born in England. He wasn't content there, however, and when he was old enough he traveled

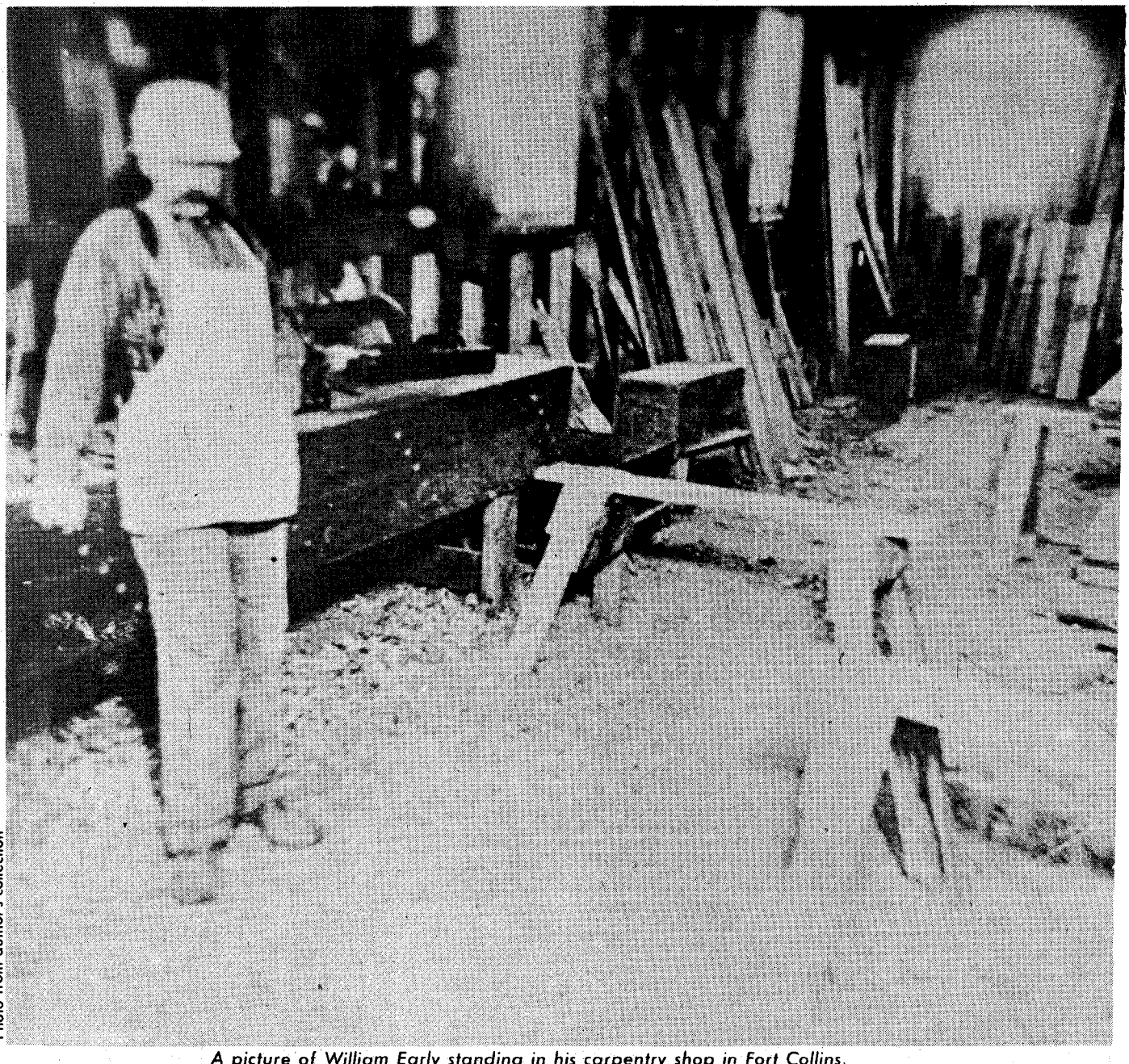

Photo from author's collection

A picture of William Early standing in his carpentry shop in Fort Collins.

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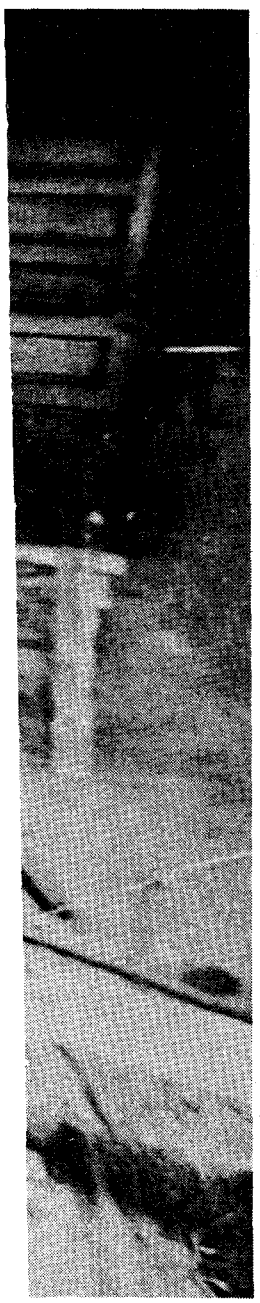
to Europe. Europe didn't suit him either, though, and he returned to England. Finally, he boarded a ship bound for the United States.

Upon his arrival, William took a job in Chicago as a map maker. This was the first job he had ever held, but according to Walter, William's son, his father was an expert cartographer. Still, he was not satisfied. He left his job, after less than a year, when news from home told him of a position as a plantation foreman in British Guiana, South America. William Early boarded another ship and headed south.

Once in British Guiana, he worked as the foreman of a sugar plantation. He seemed to be doing well when, about the end of his third year, he heard about "free" land in Canada. Under a Canadian homestead act (one similar to our own at that time), he was eligible to obtain ranch land in the western provinces as long as he agreed to live on the land and work it for three years. So he boarded yet another ship. This one was headed north to Canada, and William Early took advantage of the voyage to visit several of the Caribbean islands along the way. And he probably thought that when he got to Canada he would settle down for good.



The land he claimed was just outside of Fort Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan. For three years he tried his hand at ranching and trapping. He worked hard and invested his crop money in farm equipment and traps. In the spring of 1886, exactly three years later, he declared that he had had enough. In later years he would jokingly blame his failure on the cold weather. It got so cold, he would tell Walter, that if you washed your face in the basin and then had to walk across the room to get your towel, why, the water would freeze solid on your face! The truth, though, was that William Early was "a carpenter, not a rancher." He just hadn't found that out yet.

So on May 26, 1886, he left the plains of Saskatchewan. He could already claim to be a world traveler, plantation foreman, map maker, rancher, and trapper. And when he reached Fort Collins he would become a cabinet maker and master carpenter, and he would build many fine homes in the area.

The journey from Fort Qu'Appelle to Fort Collins took 48 days (from May 26 through July 12). William Early, Clegg Thornton, and a fellow named Tracy traveled through parts of Saskatchewan, Montana, Wyoming, South Dakota and Colorado, and William Early kept a daily record of their experiences. The three men loaded their belongings into two freight wagons. William's dog, Boxer, alternately rode with them or followed along behind. (Unfortunately, Boxer never made it to Fort Collins. On the south shore of the Big Beaver River, near Sundance and Newcastle, Wyoming, a group of Indians turned him into 'Boxer stew.' Not realizing that the dog had belonged to William, the Indians then added insult to injury by inviting him to dine with them that same evening. He declined. But if he was angry he didn't let on. He didn't like to lose his dog that way, but he might have figured that that was one of the hazards of travel in his day. And by this time, he had endured quite a few of those hazards.)

Probably the most persistent hazards the three men encountered were those of nature. For one thing, the spring weather was unpredictable. And they usually encountered the extremes: either the weather would be cool and rainy and they would have to travel slowly over muddy roads; or the thermometer would hit one hundred degrees or higher, making the roads hard and rough, and traveling would be just too hot for both the men and the horses.

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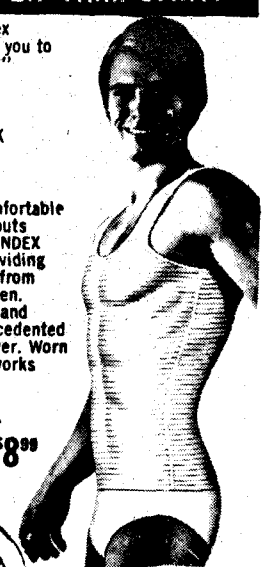

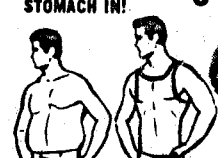

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Photo from author's collection

One of the houses built by William Early. At one time it belonged to an Alfred Parker (this was sometime around the turn of the century.) More recently, it has served as the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity house.

There were other problems with the weather, too. On May 27th, just their second night on the trail, they collected "the last wood for (a) long way" and built a fire to cook dinner. But "just before supper," heavy wind and rain hit their camp and they lost their dinner to the storm. Then they retreated to one of the wagons and cooked a second dinner over an oil stove while holding a wagon cover over their heads for protection.

But their most dangerous encounter with weather - related problems came on Tuesday, June 29th. They had left Sundance on the 25th and headed south for four days until they came to the Big Beaver River. For an unexplained reason, the first of the two wagons (and the wagon in which the journal was being kept) attempted to cross the river even though the river was swollen from heavy rains. The strong current caught the wagon and took it downstream, away from the crossing and into deep water. The horses were unable to swim back upstream and the river banks were steep below the crossing. The three men were able to make the wagon fast by picketing it to a tree. They managed to save the horses, too, but only "with difficulty." The second wagon did not try to cross until the next day when, by William's estimate, the river had fallen five to seven feet.

There were problems with the terrain as well. Sometimes the men would travel all day without water. One such day was June 1st. When they did find water on that day, it was a large "alkali" lake. William described it as "white thick not a duck on it(.) a dead place(.)" That night they camped without water and with very little grass. The horses wouldn't eat. Another time, just south of Glendive, Montana, the party had to leave the trail entirely and climb into the mountains to find grass. And on June 23rd, south of Alum Creek and between Oak Creek and Hay Creek in eastern Wyoming, they had to follow along a road that was just wide enough for the wagons and which went along the edge of a cliff about one hundred feet above a gulch. Luckily, the horses didn't spook.

But if the weather and the terrain seemed to be against them most of the time, the people were not. On June 22nd, for example, they met a group of cowboys who camped with them and gave them deer meat for supper. Like William, the "boss" of the cowboys had been to both Cuba and England, and the two talked of their travels.

Also, the "range code" was still alive at that time. Under the code, travelers were welcome to stop at a ranch house and use the kitchen, bake in the oven, draw water from the well, etc., whether or not the owners were at home. The only rule was that they cleaned up after themselves. The Early party made use of the code to bake bread.

Sometimes the local people would ride out to meet the three men. On June 20th, for example, the men were invited over to a rancher's house to share conversation and bible reading.

In short, the hard-working ranchers and cowboys were friendly, generous, and helpful to the Early party. These hard - working people were (and still are) the heart of the "wild" west.

(continued on page 62)

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MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 6)

Wetzel.

I would appreciate the opportunity to answer your readers through your magazine.

The first publisher and I could not come to an agreement on the contract.

My manuscript is now in the hands of an agent. I appreciate the response and interest, and I'm sorry that I couldn't answer all of you individually.

I'm hoping that we will soon find a publisher. Anyone who wishes may write to my agent.

Mr. T.J. O'Conner
Westport Writer's Workshop
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Thank you,
Sincerely,
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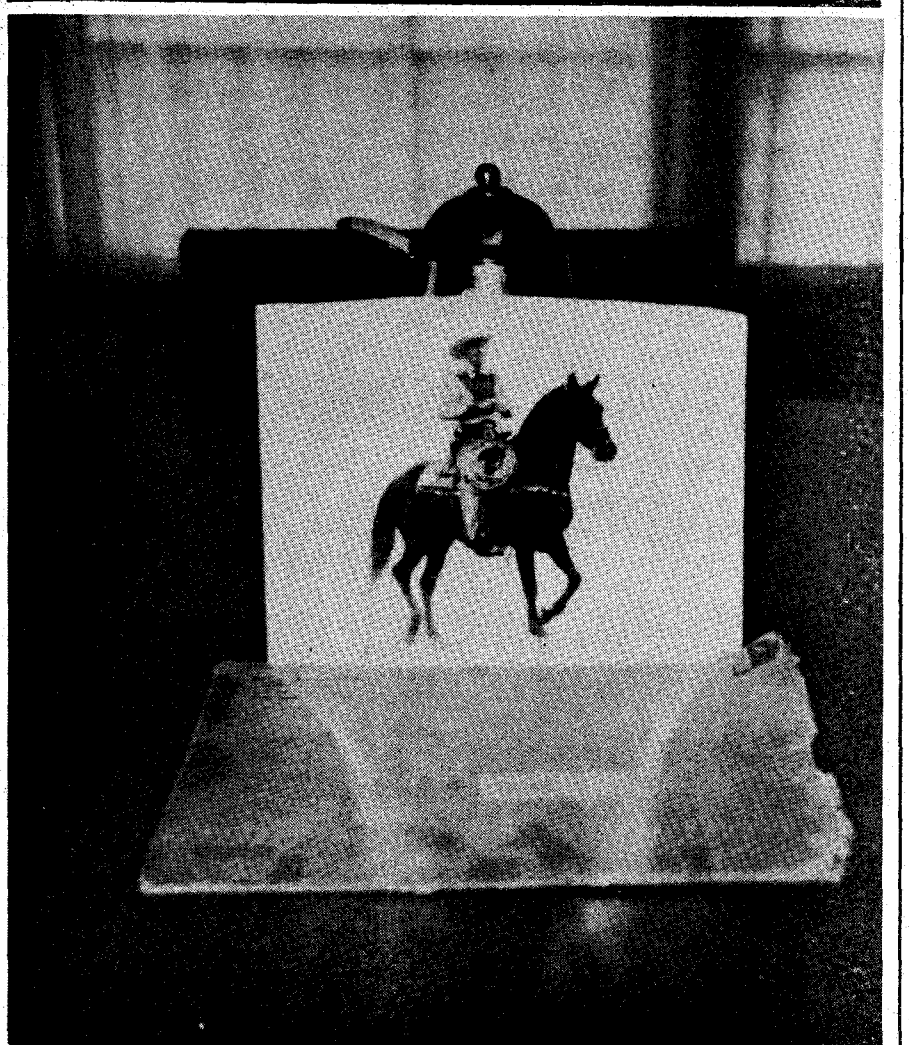

BILL ELLIOTT REMEMBERED

Dear Editor,

Your March, 1976 issue was of much interest to me, especially the section of "Real West Movie Hall of Fame." The reason being, back in 1949 I had the privilege of having my picture taken with "Wild Bill" Elliott.

I was a most devoted fan of Red Ryder. One Saturday afternoon I was walking down the street of my hometown of Kenton, Ohio, and noticed that a large crowd had gathered around someone. Being a curious 12-year-old, I approached the scene, and to my astonishment, there in the flesh stood my idol — One "Wild Bill" Elliott, or to me, Red Ryder. I was dumbfounded, and asked for an autograph; to my delight, he not only gave me his autograph but put his arm around me as a photographer took a picture, along with one he sent me. Enclosed is a snapshot of the picture he sent "To my friend Buddy," signed Bill Elliott. I am still a proud person in having the privilege of not only meeting my idol, but having these pictures that will be treasured for

(continued on page 64)

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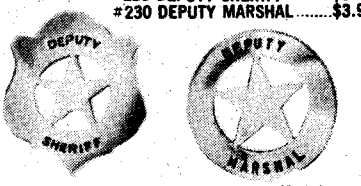

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THE ELUSIVE QUEJO

(continued from page 34)

The year was 1930. Edward Douglas had run an assay office for many years. By his profound mastery of human powers, mental and bodily, he had always enriched mankind in wealth, health, and happiness. On this day, his lovely wife and young son rode with him on a buckboard along the outskirts of Searchlight, and when they arrived at the assay office, she affectionately kissed him goodbye, then stopped at the general store where she purchased a week's supply of groceries.

Arriving home she was somewhat surprised to find a strange horse, reins dangling to the ground near the front door. Puzzled, she lifted her son to the ground and, groceries in arms, opened the front door with her foot and walked into the kitchen. She was alarmed when she saw a strange man, dressed in Levis, a blue shirt and moccasins, on his hands and knees playing with a red toy automobile, uttering 'raspberry' sounds often given by children when imitating the exhaust of an automobile engine. Even a killer sometimes needs rest, enjoyment and sympathy. A smile came over his wrinkled features as he stood up and faced the woman, tucking the toy in his belt. He then reached for his rifle as Mrs. Douglas screamed in horror. A shot rang out, and a .30-.30 rifle bullet removed half her arm; he then turned towards the boy, rasied his rifle, hesitated, and walked from the house.

Two miles down the road a miner, Jim Williams, noticed a passing rider traveling at top speed away from the direction of the Douglas house. He noticed the foam-flecked horse, and he never forgot it.

He threw a saddle on his horse and set out towards the Douglas place. When he arrived he found the small boy, in tears, trying to lift his dying mother from the kitchen floor. She lived long enough to tell her story. An hour later, 20 well-armed horsemen were giving chase.

It was February 20, 1940. The stormy winds of December had swept away the last lingering splendour of the autumn forests, but two men, Charles Kenyon and Arthur Schroeder, both from Las Vegas, found the lake country still preeminently beautiful. While camping they discovered a partially sealed cave along Willow Beach on the Arizona side of the Colorado River, where the birch stood conspicuous with its silver stem and puce-coloured twigs. Crawling inside the cave the two men were astonished at what they saw.

There, hidden in back of the entrance and covered by the faded browns of grass and ferns in all varieties of shade, lay a half-clothed, mummified skeleton. To their amazement they also found a rifle, ammunition (.30-.30s), rusted cans of fruit, a belt, several pieces of beads from a broken string of Indian beads, and a can opener. Clutched in the skeletal fingers was the keenest indicator of civilization: the remains of a red toy automobile.

The old sheriff, Frank Wait, was informed of the find in Las Vegas, and he and several others drove to the cave, picked up the skeleton and took it to the undertaker at Boulder City, near the Hoover Dam, just outside of Las Vegas.

It all would have been forgotten had Frank Wait not remembered the story of the elusive Quejo and the story of the red toy automobile, and after investigating the matter, he gave Kenyon a vote of confidence: the Nevada State Legislature had, many years before, posted a reward of ten thousand dollars for Quejo, dead or alive. Neither Kenyon nor Schroeder went to work that day; they drove out to Boulder City and asked the undertaker for the body.

If you ever tried to get a body from an undertaker, then you know that they are a dedicated lot; giving up dead bodies involves complications that undertakers do not want to cloud their minds with. The mortician wasn't unreasonable, though. He told the men that if no one paid the mounting mortuary bills, the remains would no doubt be placed on exhibit so he could recover his losses. This staggered the imagination, so Kenyon, who had an idea, went to the Las Vegas Elks Club for assistance.

The cerebral machinery got rolling. Helldorado Days were sponsored yearly by the Chamber of Commerce in Las Vegas. This event was always supported by the Fraternal Order of Elks. Kenyon had been an ardent member for quite some time. Promising to exhibit the body in a Helldorado booth before taking it to Carson City, he suggested that all would benefit if they would help him get the body away from the funeral parlor. Meanwhile Schroeder, a more sophisticated

(continued on page 60)

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WALLY WALES

(continued from page 25)

In 1936 Wally took on a new role: that as a character actor. It was a wise move on his part because roles of this sort were quite plentiful, and he moved to parts in the large westerns which were being produced by the major studios. It was then that he used the name of Hal Taliaferro ... and could be seen in such great western epics as *Red River, Duel in the Sun, Ramrod,* and much more.

Having also appeared in a number of chapter plays for such studios as Mascot, Universal and Republic, he was given his best role in Republic's great serial *The Lone Ranger* in 1938. Hal played the part of Bob Stuart, one of the five Rangers. Many different roles with different studios were to follow, and Hal handled them with professional skill. Asked once what his favorite role was, he replied that it was *Mr. Goodyear* for Columbia Studios. This was an advertising film in which he portrayed the inventor.

In 1953, with nearly the end of almost all "'B" westerns, Hal decided to call quits to his long acting career which had spanned more than 35 years. He went back to his first love, which was that of a cowboy on his nephew's ranch located near Sheridan, Wyoming. At last report, at the age of 81, he is still working on ranches in Arizona and Montana. His valuable collection of stills and press books were presented to the University of Wyoming.

Whether it be Floyd Taliaferro, Wally Wales or Hal Taliaferro, this quiet, good - looking cowboy who rode the ranges of the great West and the "silver screen" left an impression that will never be forgotten by the many thousands of fans who were thrilled to his riding and shooting feats in the movies.

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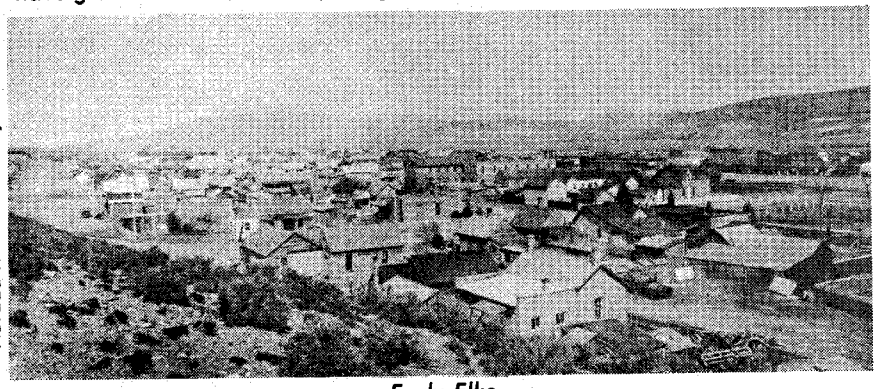
WHAT THEY DID A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

by Doris Cerveri

There's a certain magic in the air every time the Fourth of July rolls around. People automatically are vivacious, boisterous and noisy. Add to this a specific event deserving to be celebrated, and the sky's the limit.

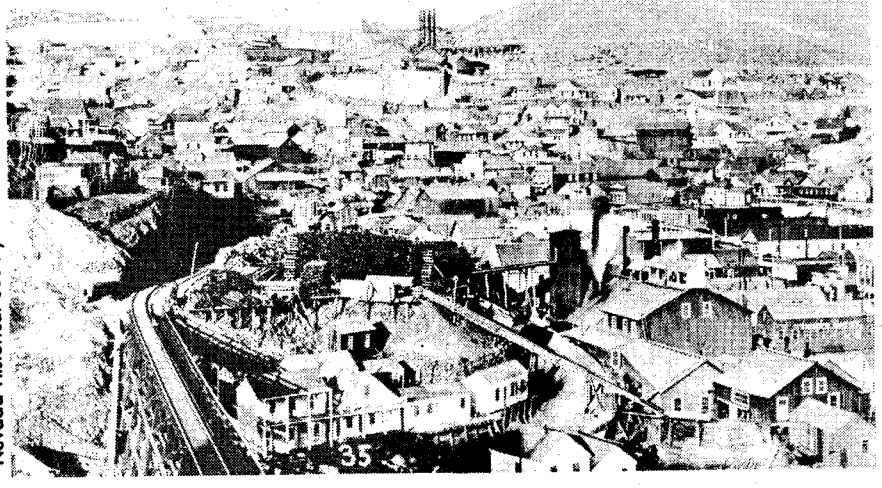
So it was when the Nation's centennial was observed. Nevada, all of 12 years old, whooped, hollered and really cut loose with celebrations in almost every community.

Of course, as one wag remarked, "Those who imagine they can afford it have gone to the centennial shindig at Philadelphia; others with a more modest income have gone to mountain lakes in the Sierras."



Nevada Historical Society

Early Elko



Nevada Historical Society

Gold Hill, 1875

Carsonites planned their festivities for months. At midnight on the third, they ushered in the Fourth by ringing bells, firing cannons and blowing steam whistles, accompanied by shouting and yelling. All this commotion was repeated several hours later.

During the day the usual program of games was conducted for children, and adults endured long - winded speeches and greeted old friends. Visitors were met at the depot by an official Grand Marshal and escorted up streets swathed in bunting and flags. In addition to floats and marching units, there were 13 beautiful ladies on horseback representing the 13 original states.

Even at the prison, men were allowed to have a program. Black marks for bad conduct were scratched out, and two men in irons had their shackles cut.

The Fantastics, a group similar to E. Clampus Vitus, marched 120 strong, garbed in unique, colorful costumes each man had fashioned. Captain Harris, with an outsize nose and beard, led the Tin Horn Band; the rest of the procession was led by "Watty," a town character.

The only sad thing to disrupt the gaiety of an otherwise perfect day was a fearful accident which occurred at 5 p.m. Some men,engaged in firing a new cannon which had been constructed by machinists in the V & T shops, were badly injured when it prematurely discharged while being loaded. One man was killed; another had both arms blown off at the elbows and his face horribly mutilated.

"Where are my arms?" he kept asking. It was difficult to justify such an accident, as all of the men were experienced and the cannon had been fired over 60 times previously.

If Carsonites thought their day was perfect, the gaiety in other places was just as pronounced. Gold Hill and Virginia City united for their celebration, with everyone converging upon the latter town. Streets were so jammed with a convivial mass of humanity that it was difficult to move from one end of town to the other. Saloons were so packed with thirsty patriots and the number of temperance resolutions broken that it is appalling to think about it. In addition, the police had their hands full with those overcome by the spirit of 1876. It seemed, though, that their official hearts overflowed with centennial charity, for they pardoned numerous offenders who were languishing in jail.

One outstanding event was the printing of a centennial issue by the Gold Hill *News* which had set up a printing press on a moving wagon brightly decorated with a red, white and blue canopy. The paper was hurriedly printed and distributed to the eager crowd as the wagon moved along the streets. Also unique was a large vehicle containing a sturdy cage in which reposed a magnificent Durham bull.

After sunset, festivities started anew. James G. Fair of Comstock fame provided fireworks, and five cords of pitch pine stacked in pyramid shape were burned on top of Mt. Davidson overlooking Virginia City. (It took camels two weeks to carry all of it to the top of the mountain, previous to the holiday).

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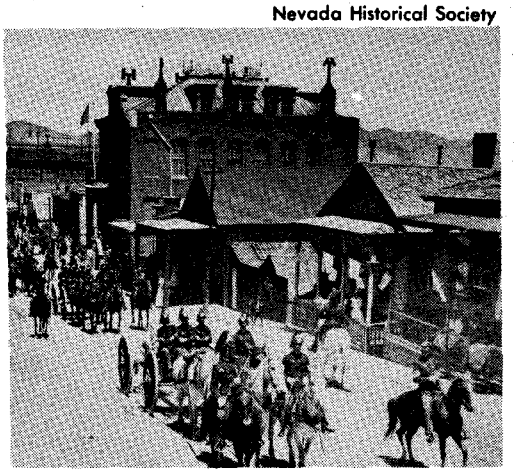
Nevada Historical Society



Emmet Guards parade — Virginia City, Nevada.

Those who were able then crowded into the Miners Union Hall at Gold Hill, one mile distant, and danced until daylight.

Reno had the usual beautiful parade, followed by a literary program. A brewery wagon loaded with beer and cartons of soft drinks was depleted before it went more than a couple of blocks. Men and boys made a run for it like locusts denuding a wheat field. Nothing was wrong with the town's appetite, for at the evening barbeque two bulls, eight sheep, two hogs, gallons of pork and beans, and 200 pounds of bread were consumed.

At the other end of the state in Elko, residents were awakened by 13 thundering guns. Knights of the Sage Brush, a fun organization, caused considerable hilarity as they paraded in grotesque costumes, led by the High Grand Cockalorium who was backed up by Old Thingamy and a contingent of painted Indians.

Nevada's exhibition of minerals at Philadelphia was by far the most extensive and best made, and Nevada residents received numerous medals and certificates.

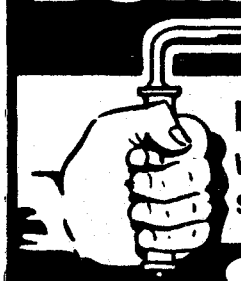
During 1876, Nevada was the only state to strike a medallion. As the Bicentennial approaches, the unique spirit of American individualism and national pride is very evident in Nevada. One of the most ambitious projects is the striking of a similar medallion. "Old Number One," the original press which issued hundreds of thousands of coins at the U.S. Branch mint in Carson, was reactivated at a cost of $40,000.

Nevada's first medallion came off the press in August 1975. On one side is the original centennial design; the other side has a new 1976 logo especially designed for the Bicentennial.

This same spirit has prevailed throughout the state. The City of

(continued on page 60)

BURIED TREASURE



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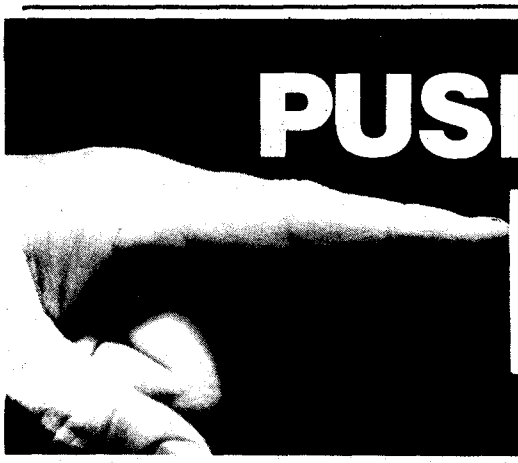

of headaches, bronchitis, sciatica, arthritis, asthma, sinusitis, tennis elbow, strained muscles, menstrual cramps, depression, anxiety and other disorders.

How? A new, easy-to-read, profusely illustrated book, *Pressure Points*, tells you just how and where to press so you may enjoy the kind of pain-relief usually associated only with Acupuncture. ACUPRESSURE, a related form of treatment, substitutes your own fingers in place of irritating needles to apply pressure to the hidden *"relief valves"* that block or diminish pain. Your own fingers can **push out pain**!

No costly habit-forming drugs needed - just the tips of your fingers may mean freedom from pain! **Simple, safe & convenient - it works!**

Acupressure doesn't have to be performed under the expensive, time-consuming care of a physician in most cases; *you can do it yourself* to treat *properly diagnosed* disorders in your own home, office or wherever you are, **whenever** you need it!

Many doctors are beginning to employ the methods shown in this very special book - now, you can too! Send today for your copy of *Pressure Points*. If you're not satisfied after 5 days, return the book to us for a full refund.

Direct from the doctor to you!

Pressure Points was written by Keith Kenyon, M.D., A.B., graduate of the Univ. of So. Cal. School of Medicine and of The Acupuncture Institute.
Well-known entertainer Paul Winchell furnished the excellent illustrations.

Send to: **Acupressure Institute,** Dept. 1863
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I want to learn how to push out pain! Please rush my copy of *Pressure Points*. I understand if I am not completely satisfied after 5 days, I may return the book for a complete refund.

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Thomas A. Frazier

In a recent issue we published a query from a reader who said that he had read that Davey Crockett and a few others were not killed in the final assault on the Alamo, but had surrendered and were later put to death. We answered that, to the best of our knowledge, all defenders had been killed in the final assault, and all historians we had read had the same conclusion. Lately, however, we read a review of a book, WITH SANTA ANA IN TEXAS, from a diary kept by Jose Enrique de la Pena, who served as a lieutenant with Santa Ana. In it the lieutenant asserts that Crockett and six others surrendered, were tortured and then executed by order of Santa Ana, in spite of the protests of Mexican officers. The book was translated by Carmen Perry, and is published by Texas A & M University Press. The book has a ring of authenticity, since the lieutenant claimed to be an eye - witness; however, we suggest suspending opinions until the book can be reviewed by historians who are more competnent than we.

Q. Geronimo's long fight against thousands of U.S. Army troops was certainly impressive. How many warriors did he command? V. Tuttle, Bowling Green, Kentucky.
A. The largest force of warriors ever led by Geronimo numbered 100. They traveled lighter, moved faster, lived off the land, and knew the territory like the palms of their hands.

How long a period of time was consumed in the Battle of the Little Bighorn? K. Sanders, Manhattan, Kansas.
A. Appraisals from competent sources assert that the wipeout of Custer and his command took about one hour.

Q. After he had fled to Canada, how long did Sitting Bull stay there?
A. Sitting Bull, and the people who fled with him to Canada, lived there for about four years.

Q. I've read a lot about the terrific O.K. Corral gun fight, but nowhere does it ever state how long it lasted. How long? B. Coors, Pine Bluff, Ark.
A. Reminiscences by eyewitnesses seem to agree that the fight took about half a minute.

Q. How old were the Earps at the time of the O.K. Corral gunfight? B. Coors, Pine Bluff, Ark.
A. Wyatt was 31, Morgan was 28, Virgil was 36. Their pal and fellow participant, Doc Holliday, was 28.

Q. When was smokeless gunpowder introduced into the West? V. Brunell, Hobbs, New Mexico.
A. About 1895. Before that, each shot brought forth dense clouds of black smoke, making it a little difficult to see the target prior to the next shot. Also, to make killing a little more difficult, one had to recock the pistol before each shot.

Q. What kind of pistol did Jesse James use? How much money did the James Gang steal during their career? L. Dandilo, Iowa City, Iowa.
A. Jesse's favorite was a Smith & Wesson Schofield .45. In its approximately fourteen years of existence, the Jesse James Gang took in about one-half million dollars, peanuts compared to what people steal today.

Q. When did Sam Houston's son, Temple, die? D. Galonik, Salt Lake City, Utah.
A. Temple Houston died in 1905. He was very handy with a pistol, having once defeated Bat Masterson in a contest.

Q. How many men did Hanging Judge Parker sentence to the gallows? E. Shepley, Minot, N. Dakota.
A. Isaac Charles Parker, who served as judge in the Indian Territory (Oklahoma) for twenty years, sentenced 160 men to the gallows.

Q. I've read references to a sickness called "Western disease." What do you think it was? H. Horvitz, Lansing, Mich.
A. From the symptoms as recorded in old diaries and letters, modern physicians more or less agree that it was malaria. Remember, there were no screens against flies and mosquitos in the early days.

Q. I recently read an article about the unique epitaphs on Western gravestones of the early days. They were fascinating. Can you supply some more? V. Moir, Valdosta, Ga.
A. They were unique, to say the least. Here are a few.

From Boot Hill, Tombstone, Arizona:
Here lies Lester Moore
Four slugs from a .44
No Les, no more.

From Ruidoso, New Mexico:
Here lies Johnny Yeast.
Pardon me for not rising.

From Cripple Creek, Colorado:
He called Bill Smith a liar.

From Silver City, Nevada:
Here lies Butch; we planted him raw.
He was quick on the trigger
But slow on the draw.

Q. I have an old picture of J.C. Walton; on the bottom it says "J.C. Walton for Governor." He was supposed to be one of the most unpopular governors in the United States. Does it have any value? Your January REAL WEST shows a gun belonging to Cherokee Bill. It looks like the one Belle Starr was supposed to have owned. Was it? T. Williams, Denver City, Texas.
A. Your poster of J.C. Walton would be of value to a collector, or to an historian interested in the period. The difficulty lies in contacting such personages. Advertising in a history magazine might help, or in a publication specializing in Western - history articles. We think the Cherokee Bill gun and the Belle Starr gun just resembled one another. ● RW

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GOOD NEWS FOR THOSE WHO BELIEVE!

HERE ARE OVER 100 READY-TO-USE MYSTIC CHANTS FOR MONEY, POWER AND LOVE!

Simply choose anything you desire, and in a moment you'll find the special Chant for attracting riches...protecting yourself against sickness...securing a new car, beautiful home, your own business...winning happiness and love...reading the thoughts of others ...and much more! For example:

These words could bring you a vast fortune . . *more riches* than you ever dreamed of:

"D------ J------ W--- N-- T------ I- M- L---."

It happened to a person in desperate need of cash, who was told there were "powerful forces" working against him. Then he spoke the above Mystic Chant for attracting riches. Within the hour, he was awarded $150,000!

By using the same Chant, you too may attract a fortune, a new car, a house in the country, stylish clothes. You simply take any amount you can believe in, from $10,000 to a million dollars, and *say this Mystic Chant!*

What are the Mystic words of this Chant? We cannot reveal them in this advertisement but you will clearly find them on page 53 of MIND COSMOLOGY, a remarkable guide with every type of Mystic Chant you'll ever need!

How do they bring riches, luxury, comfort, world travel to your doorstep? How do they solve your money problems? To see for yourself, just fill out and mail the No Risk Coupon.

Your Questions About Mystic Chants Answered

Q. Can I say these Mystic Chants just once, or do they have to be repeated over and over?

A. Many of these Chants can be said once. Others are designed to be repeated a few times as this heightens their effectiveness. However, they are short and it would take you only a few minutes to repeat them.

Q. Must these Chants be memorized?

A. No. All you have to do is read them out. If you don't want to carry the book around, simply copy a few Chants on a card and put it in your pocket.

Q. Are these Chants hard to read?

A. Of course not. They are clearly printed, easy-to-read and do not contain words that are difficult to pronounce.

Q. Are these Chants Black Magic or White Magic?

A. Without a doubt, White Magic. In one case, an evil woman stole Laura M.'s husband using Black Magic. Laura used this chant on page 159: "Y-- k--- I l--- y--." Within a few days her husband pleaded with her to take him back.

Q. If these Mystic Chants are so powerful, why doesn't the author use them himself to become a millionaire?

A. The author has done just that. By saying these Chants, Norvell has become wealthy and a celebrity. Now he devotes his life to making others rich and happy.

Q. Are these Chants dangerous?

A. About as dangerous as combing your hair. You see, they can be used only for good, sincere purposes. If used for an evil purpose, they will have no effect.

Q. Time is running out for me. Can these Mystic Chants find me a husband?

A. On page 24 you'll find the Chant Georgia R. used to attract a rich partner in a law firm. What's more, you can attract a man with the precise character you admire.

Q. I've only an eighth grade education. Will Mystic Chants work for me?

A. Certainly. You need no special education or experience. Anyone can use them.

Q. When is it best to use Mystic Chants?

A. As soon as possible. Mail the No-Risk Coupon. We'll send you your book so you can start using Mystic Chants right away!

We'll Rush You A Copy Of This Amazing Book For Thirty Days Examination, At OUR Risk.

When you receive it, quickly open to the Mystic Chant the man used to attract $150,000. You'll find it with all the words filled in! Or perhaps you desire a healthy, strong body with unlimited energy? See the Chant on page 64 for protecting yourself against germs and most forms of sickness.

Are you one of the lonely? If peace of mind, happiness, or love fulfillment is what you want, repeat the Chant on page 33 exactly three times just before the moon rises.

What's more, you'll find another Mystic Chant on page 100 to be used only by those who believe! This Chant may send your soul into the cosmos through amazing astral projection, backwards into history, or forward into the uncharted areas of the future!

Scores of People, Just Like Yourself, Have Relied on Mystic Chants to Get What They Want From Life.

FINDS ENCHANTED LOVE. Take the case of Nora H. who was a complete failure in love and marriage. Desperate, she whispered the Chant: "I n-- p------ u------- l---."

Within a short span, she met and happily married a young and handsome attorney. See page 47 of this amazing guide!

CHANTS UNITE HIS FAMILY. After years of misery, Lester M's wife left him and took their infant son. Lester turned to the Chant on page 28: "I n-- b----- t-- m--- o- p--- h---- p-------." In a few days his wife and son returned, and swore that they would live a different life!

CHANTS LESSEN SICKNESS. Dora T. was nearly sixty and the doctors told her she had an incurable ailment. She used two Mystic Chants to overcome age and sickness. In less than a month, her symptoms decreased. See pages 31-33.

CHANTS BRING SUCCESS. A young girl slaved as a lowly clerk. To get out of this rut, she said: "I a o-- w--- c----- p---- a-- c-- s---- a-- p--------" ten times a day. Lo and behold, she was given a position designing new fashions, making more money than she had ever dreamed possible! Would you like an exciting well-paying job? Use the complete set of Chants on page 51.

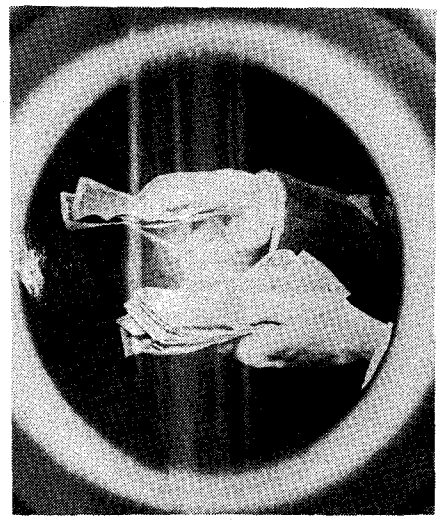
CHANTS FOR PAINS. A woman of 45 (see page 82) suffered from pains each month that were so severe she had to go to bed. A friend told her about this Mystic Chant: "I n-- i------ m- m--- a-- b--- c---- w--- t-- p------- p------ o- r------ g--- h-----" and she showed immediate improvement. Take a few minutes and say the Chant on page 80.

CHANTS FOR HIDDEN TREASURE. An elderly woman had a small home on a plot of ground where she lived after her husband died. Once the insurance money was spent, she had no source of income and used a Mystic Chant to get money. That night, the figure of her husband appeared to her and told her to dig at a certain spot. She found $15,000! You too can use the Chant on page 126.

CHANTS FOR OPERATIONS. A woman needed $1,000 to help her mother get an operation. She kept repeating the Mystic Chant: "I w--- t-- s-- o- o-- t------- d------ s- I c-- p-- t-- s--------." The next morning a famous surgeon assured her that he would operate for no charge. See on page 144 how the operation was performed!

CHANTS FOR LUCK. One man playing dice at Las Vegas used a special Mystic Chant.

The first roll came up 11. He tried again, and they came up 11 again. The third roll was also successful, and as the man had let his dollar remain on the 11, his small investment brought him a small fortune! See how he did it on page 140.



Try this Chant for Riches (see page 53) without risking a penny. See details below.

These True Histories Describe Only a Small Fraction of The Mystic Chants. In Addition, There Are Chants for:

Finding lost relatives . . . Making a fortune in the stock market . . . Treating migraine headaches . . . Becoming a famous writer . . . Beauty . . . Getting a beautiful wife . . . Projecting your astral self to distant places . . . Achieving success in your own business . . . or anything else!

However, you need the entire word—the entire sentence—the entire Mystic Chant to accomplish your dreams!

That's why we are making available to you this wonderful book called Mind Cosmology, that gives you every Chant, for a 30-day No-Risk Examination.

When you receive the book, start saying the Mystic Chant for what you want in life—be it love, riches, happiness, *whatever!*

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

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Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of MIND COSMOLOGY by Norvell! I understand the book is mine for only $8.98. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

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ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

(continued from page 57)

Sparks, just three miles from Reno, has probably the most ambitious plans, which include the building of a history center in the middle of town, and renovation of the central business district along the main street around a permanent railroad motif. To enhance this theme, several old railway cars have been acquired.

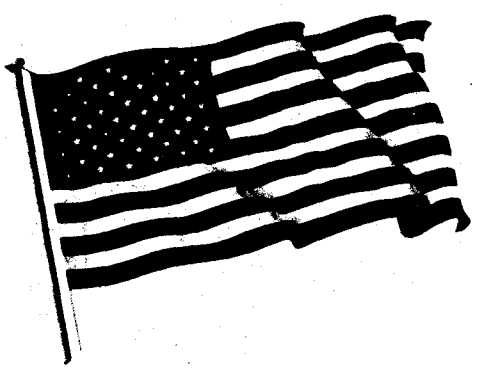
The tiny town of Genoa (Mormon Station) recently enacted an historic mail delivery in commemoration of the famous "Snowshoe" Thompson. This heroic man became a legend in the Sierras as he skied over precipitous mountain passes, delivering mail from Placerville, California, to the Carson Valley during 1856-59. After the skiing run, a plaque was dedicated at the Genoa Museum in his honor, and benediction services were held at his grave in Genoa. The affair was carried out by the Far West Ski association *and* officials of the U.S. Ski Association.

In spite of lukewarm reactions in some areas of the United States, most citizens agree that ideas stated in the Declaration of Independence need restating more than ever. What democracy stands for needs to be re-emphasized; the people need to have their faith in America restored.

Bicentennial preparations have at least accomplished one important thing. Many worthwhile historic buildings are being preserved that probably would have been destroyed.

Throughout the country we have been given a second chance to re-evaluate and strengthen our heritage. ●RW

RESOURCES:
Carson City *Appeal* 1876
Reno *Evening Gazette* 1975-74
Gold Hill *News* 1876
Nevada *State Journal* 1974-75



THE ELUSIVE QUEJO

(continued from page 54)

man, sued the undertaker.

Schroeder lost his day in court, the ruling being that no person had the legal right to the dead body except a legal heir. This gave two Indians an idea. Responding dramatically to the reward, they arrived on the scene one day and claimed that they were grandnephews of Quejo. Another appeared and claimed that the body was not that of Quejo the outlaw but that of his grandfather. The grandson also claimed that he had the real body of Quejo, and if the price was right he would put it on display. It is seldom that the old adage fails to hold true: if it were not for the misfortunes of others, life would be positively unbearable.

After the story hit the papers, Indians seemed to come down out of the hills faster than they did at Little Bighorn. One Indian dragged the "authentic" skeleton into town and demanded the reward. Faced with a wretched dilemma, the courts lost interest. The mortician became attached to the skeleton, placed it in a soft-lined casket and sealed it with a glass lid. Once on the road he exhibited Quejo at the county fairs. Next, the body was sold to a museum, and later the man who owned the museum took it out to his ranch among the animals and vegetation of what is now called Paradise Valley.

No one paid much attention to the remains propped up in an old bathtub in the back yard, and later, when a housing development spread over the gravel beds of Paradise Valley, the body disappeared into oblivion.

During the twenty-one years he was at large, Quejo murdered sixteen human beings within the vicinity of Las Vegas, and perhaps if only someone in Paradise Valley reads this story, he might go out into his own back yard or that of a neighbor's and start digging. For the reward of ten thousand dollars for Quejo is still, to this day, on the books. ●RW

Author's note...

The position occupied by story-writers, as recognized caterers of history, is one of great responsibility, and the utmost care should be exercised in avoiding its abuse and discharging faithfully the trust pertaining to it. Therefore, many months of research and personal interviews went into this story, as far back as 1944.

For further information on Quejo, the author suggests the informative book, *The Lost Legends of the West* by Brad Williams and Choral Pepper.

COMANCHE WAR TRAIL

(continued from page 31)

Mexican captives living with the Comanches. Mexicans estimated 652 citizens were wounded, killed, or captured in the province of Nuevo Leon from 1847-1857. One recent writer has stated that 10,000 horses a year were stolen during a period in the 1800s.

A series of forts was established along the border in the 1850s to help control Indian raids. Among them were Forts Bliss, Davis, Lancaster, and Stockton. At one time, one fifth of the United States Army was stationed in Texas. During the Civil War, most of the troops were called away from the border, and again the area was under the domination of Comanches and Apaches.

After the Civil War, events seemed to be against the Indians. The westward expansion, mining in the Rockies, wanton slaughtering of buffalo on the plains, railroads crossing the land, establishment of new towns, and, as a final insult, the invention of barbed wire in the 1870s which made fencing of lands possible: all these provided great inconveniences to the raiders.

Comanches continued their depredations until they were confined, more or less successfully, on reservations north of the Red River, on land which is now in Oklahoma. Even so, there were occasional outbreaks and harassment of settlements.

Eventually, they must have realized the futility of revolt and accepted their restricted mode of living. Still, one wonders if sometimes, on September nights when the moon was full and cast shadows of their tepees across the reservation, aged warriors dreamed of younger days and felt stirrings to mount phantom horses on which to race along the "great chalk line" which led across the Rio Grande, so they could plunder to their hearts' content. ●RW

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★ **Rejuvenate the cells of your body, enjoy new health, new youth, new vitality, by commanding the very life-forces within you—and that's just the beginning!**

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Dear Friend:

After 25 years of research, I have discovered the key to all Astral and Psychic phenomena, one that has worked time after time for countless men and women—a simple secret that you can use easily to achieve any desired result in life!

For I have discovered that *every one of the powers which you possess—(sight, hearing, taste, touch, smell)—has a mental duplicate, an extension of itself in the Fourth Dimension.* Grouped together, they form your Astral Body, which you can use, the same as you use your physical body.

But, your Astral Body can do many things that your physical body alone can't, for it is part of the Fourth Dimension—an (invisible) *sea of electrons which flows in, through, and around the physical, giving it form and substance.* Your Astral Body can flow right through solid matter, *materialize in plain sight of others, perform* every one of the *functions of your physical body—sight, hearing, taste, touch, and smell*—all the while being controlled by you!

You can control your Astral Body by giving it certain specific commands—METAPHYSICAL COMMANDS which I spell out for you in plain English in my new book "Meta-physics: New Dimension of the Mind." For instance, you can command your Astral Body to . . .

• **MATERIALIZE IN FRONT OF SOMEONE AT A DISTANCE** — Your *Astral Body* is in*visible* because it is super charged with electrons vibrating at invisible speed. *It can, however materialize in plain sight of everyone, as a "thought-form,"* by vibrating more slowly. In this manner, *it is possible to "remind" someone — at a distance — of your presence!*

• **"BLEND" YOUR THOUGHTS WITH THOSE OF SOMEONE ELSE** — Since your *Astral Body is an invisible extension of your own* — with a mind that is an extension of your own — *it is possible to "blend" this mind* with the mind of someone else to *find out what he or she is thinking,* and even *implant your own thoughts in the minds of others!*

• **DUPLICATE ANY OBJECT IN EXISTENCE AND MAKE IT YOUR OWN** — Your *Astral Body exists and is part of the Fourth Dimension — a sea of tiny electrical particles from which all matter is formed.* By giving your Astral Body an Electromagnetic Command to duplicate some object — an expensive piece of furniture, for example — it pulls the particles in the air together to form a solid replica of that which you desire!

• **LIFT AND CARRY OBJECTS, TRANSPORT THEM TO YOU FROM A DISTANCE** — You can command your Astral Body to *lift solid objects, using its own concentrated energy* — such as *lifting a pair of dice and making them roll the way you want.*

• **"READ" OTHER PEOPLE'S PAST AND FUTURE** — Since, with your Astral Body, *you can "tune in" to the thoughts of any person, all memories and future plans* of his become an open book to you.

• **HEAL THE VERY CELLS OF YOUR BODY** — Your Astral Body *can help heal you if you are sick, keep you healthy, strong and youthful* — add years to your life! If your body is rundown, tired or "old" *it can charge and rejuvenate the very cells of your body with its own vibrant electron energy* to make you look and feel years younger!

• **TALK TO THE COSMIC MIND, RECEIVE HELP IN EVERY MATTER** — Your Astral Body is your only true means of communications with the higher Spirit Plane. In this manner, *it is possible for you to talk to the Cosmic Mind, just as you would to family or friends, and receive help and guidance in every matter!*

IF YOU READ NOTHING ELSE, READ THIS:

A Vital Word—"METAPHYSICS"

Scholars, when editing and cataloging Aristotle's writings, realized that not all of the information was about the natural physical world. In the process, Aristotle had accumulated information that was "outside" the physical world or "non-physical." This 'non-physical" information was filed as "Meta-physics" literally meaning 'After-physics." This information, after," "above," or "beyond" the physical, held the attention of many people through the ages, including philosophers, theologians, scholars and scientists. It was described in different ways: Ultimate Reality, First Principles, Miracle Power, Metaphysical Power, Divine Mind, Cosmic Mind, God, Faith, Intuition. In the 20th century some call it Energy, Astral Projections, Precognition, Inner Space.

Metaphysics answers questions that the physical cannot answer. That is why each is useful in a different way. Norvell shows how metaphysics can work for you!

How To Command Your Astral Body To Bring You Ever Increasing Abundance

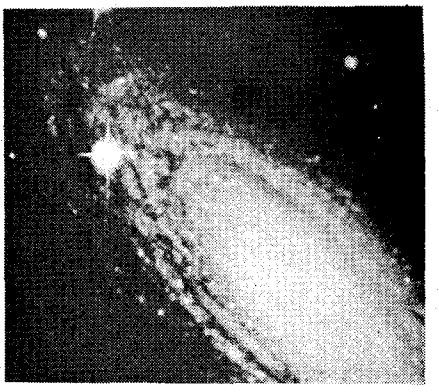
Why am I so positive this technique will work for you? Because it has worked for thousands of other men and women in all walks of life — and is working for them right now! People like . . .

June C., a secretary who had been working for the same firm for three years and thought she deserved a raise in salary. But her boss was the grouchy, penny-pinching type. So after learning the Metaphysical Command for projecting her Astral Body, she mentally projected her mind into her boss's mind, and stated: "June deserves a raise. You will give her a raise of ten dollars a week."

A short time later, her boss called her into his office. There was a strange expression on his face and he said: 'I don't know why I'm doing this, but I feel you deserve a ten dollar raise in salary!"

A lady who had a 17-year-old daughter, came to one of my lectures at Carnegie Hall. She was a widow, and though she had worked hard to bring up her daughter, they never had more than just enough to get along. After this lady learned the Metphysical Command for controlling her Astral Body, she bought a sweepstakes ticket. By maintaining an "astral grip" on this ticket, she caused her number to be chosen — and won a grand total of $144,000!

In my files I have hundreds of such instances of men and women who have used this metaphysical principle and who have attracted sums of money ranging *from ten thousand dollars to inheritances of a quarter of a million!*



How Metaphysical Healing Can Add Years To Your Life—Make You Look And Feel Years Younger!

If you want to *remain healthy,* vigorous and strong, my book shows you exactly how to draw upon your Astral Body for its wonderful healing energy, *through Metaphysical Command!*

You'll see how a woman who had developed violent attacks of hay fever and asthma was healed. How a man with an ulcer had a miraculous healing. How a woman who suffered from crippling arthritis for twenty years used these Metaphysical Commands — and her arthritis completely disappeared! How a man with sugar diabetes who had to take daily shots of insulin, commanded this Astral power to himself and was healed, so that he could discontinue the injections entirely.

The secret? *Metaphysical Healing,* the same technique revealed to you now in the pages of my new book.

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There is no limit to the things you can do with Metaphysical Command of your Astral Body. For example, a lady who came to one of my lectures complained that her husband nagged and abused her constantly. She could hardly stand being in his presence because of his constant criticism. I showed this woman the Metaphysical Commands for blending her mind with his, to dictate thoughts of love to him — and days later she came back to tell me with joy how her husband had been transformed into a peaceful understanding man!

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Anthony Norvell *Anthony Norvell*

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Anthony Norvell is a world-famous psychic investigator, known to thousands (through his books and articles) for his amazing discoveries in the realm of the occult. Here, for the first time, he presents the sum total of his investigations in the secrets of ancient India, China, Tibet and Greece.

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SASKATCHEWAN TO COLORADO

(continued from page 52)

During the journey William Early was keeping an eye out for a good home. June 25th, for example, was a Friday, a "fine, warm" day and one of the few good days they had to travel. But they didn't travel. Instead, William took the day off to "ride out to look at the land." He noted that there was pine and oak in abundance and that there was plenty of water about, too. He took time out to "bathe," i.e. to swim. He described the area as "beautiful country" and said he liked it very much. Then he added "but all the nice places (were) taken up." Disappointed, he returned to the wagons and they pushed on, leaving Sundance that evening.

But not all of the people the three men met were friendly. Then, as now, there were a few scoundrels about. On June 8th they ran into a problem with the toll at a river crossing. They had made a deal with a boatman to carry them across the Missouri River (near Poplar Point) for a charge of six dollars. Once they were across the river, however, the boatman demanded ten dollars. They had to find an Indian agent to get the matter straightened out.

Their most tense moments came on June 5th, though, just after they crossed the border into Montana. First, they were approached by "a party (of) horse thieves from Dacota." One of the thieves rode toward them firing his revolver "like (an) Indian." The thieves had five mounted men altogether, and they were trailed by a spring wagon which was leading more saddle horses. The Early party expected a fight. The three men had rifles, revolvers, and bowie knives, but some of the guns didn't work. Luckily, the thieves didn't know about the guns not working, and when they rode over, the three men held their ground. The thieves left, figuring, according to William, that the Early party was too "well armed for them."

Not long after this encounter, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police approached the Early party. The mounties were chasing the horse thieves, and for a brief time they thought that William, Clegg, and Tracy were the men they were after.

When they finally made camp that night, the three men were too upset to eat. The horses wouldn't eat either. And, for the first time since they had left Fort Qu'Appelle, the men took turns guarding the camp and keeping a fire of buffalo chips burning.

On July 12th they finally reached Fort Collins. They camped on a place owned by a Mr. Dwyre, and William recorded that he liked the looks of "Collins and its surroundings."

But William didn't settle in Fort Collins immediately. Instead, he started a ranch at the base of Grey Rock, near Livermore, Colorado. There were good stands of timber there, and the field that ran out from the base of Grey Rock was bowl-shaped and fertile. But again, he stayed only three years, just long enough to acquire title to the land. Then he quit homesteading for good.

He moved to Fort Collins, married, and set up a carpentry shop. One wall of his shop was part of the original fort. William did all kinds of carpentry work. He built everything from cabinets to houses. He literally helped to build Fort Collins. Three of the houses he built still stand. Another was only recently torn down to make room for an apartment complex near the Colorado State University campus.

In his later years, William Early returned occasionally to the cabin at Grey Rock. But on one visit he found that the cabin had been robbed and burned down. He never knew if the burning had been an act of nature, or if it had been done to 'cover up' a robbery.

Eventually he became ill. To pay medical bills, he sold his land in Saskatchewan and he sold the homestead at Grey Rock. He sold his traps, some of which he had brought with him from Canada. He sold most of his carpentry tools. And he died in Fort Collins, his adopted home, in 1921. ● **RW**

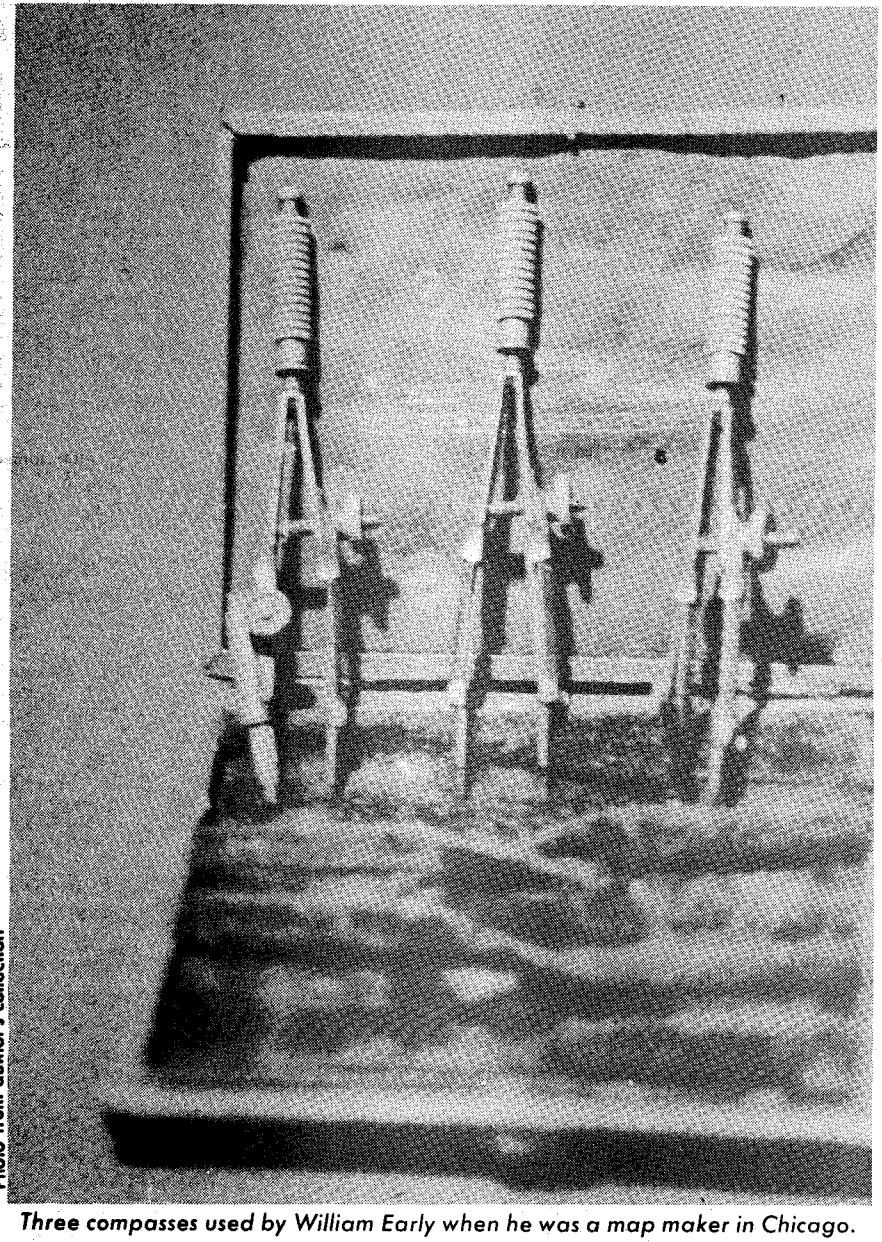

Photo from author's collection

Three compasses used by William Early when he was a map maker in Chicago.

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How to make others secretly DO YOUR BIDDING with the astonishing power of AUTOMATIC MIND COMMAND!

Here's how to get started in just 3 minutes . . .

Dear Friend:

New power is about to leap into your life . . . an astonishing way to control the thoughts and actions of others without their knowing it . . . no matter how much they may *not* want to follow your instructions, they carry them out to a "T" every time!

With "Automatic Mind-Command" you'll be running the show. Make a wish, turn on The Power, and watch those around you drop everything and do what they're told.

And nobody will even have the faintest idea that you're behind it all. That's the beauty of "Automatic Mind-Command"—you are the only one who knows what's going on—*you* alone decide when things should start . . . stop . . . change around.

CONTROL YOUR FRIENDS OR STRANGERS!

You can use it to control your friends or strangers, one at a time or in large numbers, at any time, and ANY WAY YOU LIKE.

For example: You go into a bank for a loan. The credit man smiles but says "Sorry. You don't qualify for a loan right now: however, if there's anything else I can do for you, I'd be glad to . . ." Then in a flash, his tune changes when you let loose your "Automatic Mind-Command." He continues, "In fact, we'll be glad to give you $1,000 more than you asked for. And any time you want more, just see me personally! Thank you so much for coming by!"

Impossible? You'll be doing things like that every day without even thinking about it. As soon as you need something done, *it's done!* The people who do these things for you will remember what they did, but not *why!*

FUN POWER—TOO!

You can have a lot of fun with this power, too. Look how Evelyn C. used it at work . . . One day, while sorting papers, her boss angrily inquired why she had to make so much noise—and scolded her in front of everybody. Evelyn said nothing, but smiled to herself—for she had just turned on the "Automatic Mind-Command . . ." Suddenly the boss apologized for being a scoundrel. "Please . . . I'm sorry," he said, in front of everybody. "I'd like to make it up to you!" And he told her what a wonderful person she was! When Evelyn turned the power off, the boss just stood there with an open mouth, wondering what made him say all those things.

Think what this power can mean in your life. You need money . . . and it's there! You want some affection . . . you'll be smothered! You want peace and quiet . . . the world stands still!

NO MORE SECRETS WILL BE KEPT FROM YOU!

People who think they can hold back the facts will meet their master in you! You just fire a little "Automatic Mind-Command" at them, and they'll sing like meadowlarks . . . Nona J. was at her wits' end when she tried to find the money she'd put aside to pay the rent—it was gone. A frantic search through the house turned up nothing. There was only one possibility left . . . she asked Billy. A look of surprise crossed his face. No—he hadn't seen any money. But Nona didn't believe him, and started using "Automatic Mind-Command" to find out if he was telling the truth. Suddenly Billy reached into his pocket and took out a roll of money. After giving her the money, he acted as if nothing had happened!

Think how many secrets must be hidden all around you! Things your spouse won't tell . . . your neighbors won't say . . . your boss keeps quiet about . . . ALL BROUGHT INTO THE OPEN JUST FOR YOU!! They'll tell you all their secrets, but they won't know why.

Hold on now, because I haven't told you yet about the best part of "Automatic Mind-Command."

You may have to bolt your door to keep people from overwhelming you with love, gifts, favors, rewards! Perfect strangers will be walking up to you and asking, "How are you? Can I do anything for you?" They will never suspect that "Automatic Mind-Command" is impelling them to like you, please you . . . and automatically want to help you.

INSTANTLY YOUR LIFE IS CHANGED!

At first, I couldn't believe it. And yet I know this to be true from my own personal experience . . . time after time. For example . . .

A STRANGER HANDS HIM $500—Harry G., a low-paid factory worker, wanted to start a business of his own. All he needed was cash to get started, but no one would give him the money. Finally someone told him how to use "Automatic Mind-Command"—and Harry laughingly tried it. A short time later, a perfect stranger handed him $500—saying he'd heard about Harry's plan, and was eager to help him get started!

Unusual? Not at all . . . things happen every day with "Automatic Mind-Command."

RECEIVES NEEDED CASH QUICKLY!—Mrs. Thelma J. reports, "I needed money badly." Her husband hadn't worked in months, and their savings were running out. Then she discovered "Automatic Mind-Command"—and turned on the power immediately! The next morning she received a package containing several hundred dollars from friends and well-wishers she never knew existed!

In all history, few indeed are the ones who have recognized "Automatic Mind-Command." The rest, who do not use it, pay the penalty in suffering, wishing, hoping, dreaming . . . Now I say to you: Wish no more!

HOW TO GET STARTED IN JUST 3 MINUTES!

Minute #1—Fill out the No-Risk Coupon and mail it to us.

Minute #2—When you receive a package in the mail from us, open it.

Minute #3—Lift the front cover, and let the secret feed itself in to your mind automatically.

After that, sit back, relax—and see how this power can work for you. It's as simple as that! It won't cost you one penny unless it works!

IN THAT INSTANT, YOU WILL ALREADY BE ABLE TO USE "AUTOMATIC MIND-COMMAND" FOR THE FIRST TIME . . . for money, love, healing, protection, and much more!

Imagine the thrill—after a lifetime of "scrimping" and "penny-pinching"—to see a tidal wave of riches rolling into your life from every direction—pay raises, bonuses, gifts, legacies . . . a rising tide of good fortune!

MORE AMAZING CASE HISTORIES!

And it's all just *minutes* away!

Larry S. wanted to see his girlfriend—although he had no idea where she was—and no way of contacting her by letter or phone. From far away . . . he began using "Automatic Mind-Command!" In that instant, his girlfriend knew what she had to do. She dropped what she was doing, excused herself and hurried to visit him. Arriving in record time—she hugged and kissed him, explaining that "something" told her he wanted and needed her, and what could she do for him!

Now here's a most fantastic use of "Automatic Mind-Command"—one I'm sure you'll agree proves that here is a power which staggers the imagination!

For example, cases of health-symptoms relieved with "Automatic Mind-Command!" John C. reports that his hearing now seems normal again! Warren W.'s blurred eyesight cleared, sharpened, and now seems normal! Lydia E. says her arthritic symptoms of soreness and stiffness in the fingers were relieved when nothing else seemed to help, and Mrs. M. S. was surprised when her leg pain disappeared. Bella S., who complained of "ulcerative colitis" with stomach cramps and diarrhea, obtained fast relief . . . And others report relief from complaints of high blood pressure, heart symptoms, "migraine" headaches, weakness, dizziness, fatigue, and more.

It's simple, easy, and automatic to apply!

YOURS TO PROVE—AT OUR RISK!

So you see, life can be beautiful with "Automatic Mind-Command." To discover its amazing power let it put you on the road to a NEW LIFE . . . filled to the brim with riches, love, pleasure and all the wonderful luxuries of the world . . . and more! You owe it to yourself to try it! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

Sincerely yours,

Scott Reed

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

A Master Researcher, Metaphysician, and Psychic Advisor, he has helped countless men and women find true happiness. He has the rare ability of writing clearly and simply so that even the most profound Truths can be plainly understood by anyone.

SOME OUTSTANDING FEATURES THAT CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE!

- The amazing power you now possess
- How to get something for nothing
- Why this method must work for you
- Your "instant" fortune maker
- You can get rich quickly and easily
- "Instant" money can be yours
- A magic spell that works living miracles
- How this secret can bring you anything you desire
- Help from the invisible world
- How to "Tune In" on the secret thoughts of others
- The greatest love spell of all
- Formula for a happy marriage
- How to dissolve all kinds of evil
- How to win the future of your choice

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 35)

dividuals. Within the next 25 years, much like the Homestead Act, the Indian, if adjudged 'competent,' would be given the land to use as he saw fit and would also acquire full-citizenship status. However, the Burke Act of 1906 permitted those Indians adjudged 'competent' to acquire ownership of land much before the end of the 25 years.

The result of almost 50 years of the land allotment policy soon reduced the Indian landholding from over 140 million acres in 1886 to under 50 acres in 1934. Thousands of Indians who had received these allotments sold them to non-Indians. The sale of the land only tended to increase the Indian's dependence upon the Government.

Some of the tribes did enter into livestock grazing, but this was not always successful among the nomadic tribes. Overgrazing and loss of stock were common. Irrigation of some of the Indian land was attempted as early as 1876 on the Colorado River Reservation in Arizona, but this project was abandoned.

There were attacks on the allotment system, and in 1928 Lewis Meriam produced a lengthy document, known as the Meriam Report, which called for basic Indian policy reforms. Among them was to establish a professional and scientific Division of Planning and Development to assist growth on the reservations; also maximum practical decentralization of authority from the central office to the local agency offices, plus better salaries for Indian Bureau personnel and the enlisting of more Indians for careers in Indian administration.

In 1934 Congress responded to the Meriam Report with passage of reform legislation, the Indian Reorganization Act (Wheeler-Howard Act), which brought a halt to the process of allotment, prohibited unrestricted sale of Indian lands, and provided for acquisition of additional lands by tribes and individuals. This also created a foundation for tribal economic self-sufficiency by the establishment of constitutional tribal governments.

While this act marked some decisive shifts in the direction of the Indian Policy, it fell short of the ultimate goal and was merely a beginning of liberating and rejuvenating a subjugated and exploited race of people.

The Indian Reorganization Act (IRA) did, however, give the way for revival of tribal organization and establishment of tribal laws.

Another significant piece of Indian legislation was the Johnson-O'Malley Act of 1934, which in 1935 created an Indian Arts and Craft Board within the Department of the Interior. This revived interest in native crafts as a means of livelihood for Indian people.

The Indian Extension Service program started to provide modern technical assistance to the Indian in the fields of irrigation, grazing and dry-farming, and in conservation. An Indian credit program was also started with a revolving loan fund.

The big development of this period, however, was the start of tribal self-government. Several hundred reservation tribal groups determined, by popular vote, to govern themselves in a democratic manner with modern constitutions. ●RW

SHORT CREEK DIGGINGS

(continued from page 49)

many people in Galena always harbored a prejudice against Empire because of it."

Zinc was not sold to any extent until 1881, when the Southside Mining Company sold 2,283,480 pounds for $18,267,084. A zinc furnace was built in Galena, but burned down. Zinc products rose from an output of 1,150 tons in 1881 to 74,852 tons by 1898.

Though almost unbelievable, the Galena lead and zinc field during one year of its heyday produced one fourth of all the lead and zinc for the entire world. Another year, this same district produced lead and zinc equal in value to the total output of all the gold mines in the United States for the same period.

In 1911, Empire City was annexed to Galena and their feud was laid to rest on the most part. Today, Galena is a far cry from the lusty, boisterous mining camp of yesteryear, with a dwindling population and an almost ghost - town appearance about it. ●RW

TEXAS LONGHORN

(continued from page 22)

ting" became a felony. Soon all the troubles were ended between the cattle men and the small land owners. But fence - cutting by rustlers continued, and rangers were sent after the lawbreakers. ●RW

Note: The first blooded cattle brought to Texas was in 1876. Caly Mann shipped in a carload of registered bulls and brought them to Camp Colorado in Coleman county.

MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 53)

the rest of my life.

Bud Draper
440 N. Main St.
Dunkirk, OH

WANTED...

Dear Editor,

I was a musician, playing guitar and singing in both Arizona and through California.

I'd like to contact any of the musicians that used to play music with me, from about 1946 to 1955 — anyone knowing the whereabouts of Phillip Ball, Jessi Ashlock, Allen Sherrie, Dude Huston, Freddie Shelton, Ollie Grey, Bob Bailey, just to name a few of the many.

It would mean a lot to me.

Thank you,
John Yates
Hwy 62 West
Salem, Ark. 72576

DOES ANYONE KNOW...

Dear Editor,

I am trying to locate some information on a J.R. Dunnehoo, who in 1899 purchased a fancy engraved nickel - plated .46 Colt single action. He bought this gun through a dealer in Sherman, Texas. However, he must have moved on, since there are no records of any kind on him in Texas.

I wish you would place this inquiry in REAL WEST magazine so that some reader may see it and recognize the name. Such a person may write me at the address below.

Jim Kattner
621 Lockwood
Richardson, TX 75080

I have made a long and fruitless search so far for the identity of Dunnehoo (an odd spelling), so your help will be greatly appreciated.

Sincerely,
Jim Kattner ●RW

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"I Have Found The Secret Of Perfect Living! 'Magic Switch-Words' Said To Bring Money, Relieve Pain, Restore Youth, and Do Anything Else Automatically!"

says JAMES T. MANGAN, Noted Para-Psychologist

Dear Friend:

What would it be worth to you to be able to utter a single word which would instantly cause any pain to vanish? Or say another word, and immediately recover some lost object? Or invoke still another magic switch-word, and gain money and new prosperity?

Would it surprise you to learn that there *are* such words, and that all you need do to make one work for you is to say it, relax, and wait for the desired result?

It took me 40 years of research, and thousands of experiments, to find these words. As the decades flew by, I investigated one new theory after another; delved deeply into thought transference, psychokinesis and other phases of parapsychology; worked and counseled . . . probed the mystic depths of religion. And at last I found them—magic switch-words that actually work!

At first I couldn't believe it. And yet, using my program, I *saw* people use these magic switch-words, and I saw them work. I've used them myself, and I *know* they work. Words that can . . . • Keep you forever young! • Make you beautiful or handsome! • Read the future! • Dispel aches or pains in any part of the body! • Build a fortune! • Achieve glowing health! • Be a permanently happy person, invulnerable to any upset or setback.

This is the secret of perfect living — magic switch-words, like push buttons, ready to deliver any desire or eliminate any distress. With them, you can do anything.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGES!

Early in 1951, after years of research, a stirring inside me seemed to presage a great new discovery. I had just finished a year-long study of space and its nature and was proceeding to an investigation of the speed of light when . . .

At the instant of noon, Sunday, March 10, 1951, a WORD fell out of the sky into my arms. I hugged it to my bosom and embraced it as a *sign*, a breakthrough from the divine realm, a super-inspiration. The word seemed alive and like a living spirit . . .

I began saying it to myself quietly, easily, without command. Every time I said the word, a remarkable reaction took place. The word seemed to touch off a deep, prolonged sigh . . . I could feel gushes of tensions leave me.

HEAVEN ON EARTH!

There followed what was for me the happiest week I have ever lived. I felt a mysterious aura around me . . . I was living perfectly.

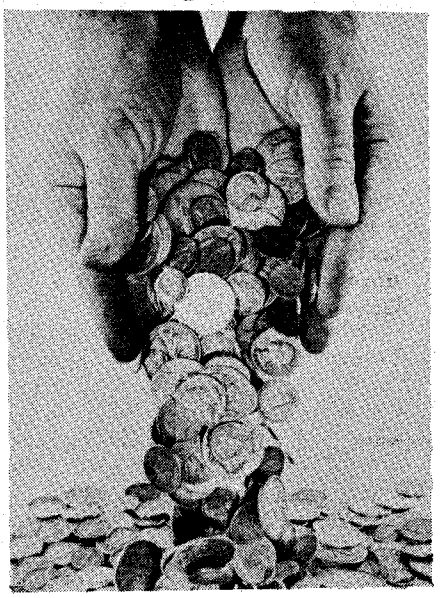
As one perfect day followed another, the revelation came to me that this actually was heaven on earth!

MANY WORDS DISCOVERED!

What I did not realize at the time, but what my subsequent researches revealed, was that I had accidently stumbled on *THE MASTER WORD* that controls all inner powers . . . and that there are actually many such magic words, one for virtually every power, every desire! And they work!

I then put myself to the task of listing these words, and testing them to see if they'd work for other people. The results were *astounding*! I then put these results, together with the words themselves, and the technique for using them, in a book which I called THE SECRET OF PERFECT LIVING. You'll find full details of what my book contains on this page!

Discover the new, beautiful life it offers you. This value-packed book is sold *nowhere else than through this ad alone*! So, why not send for it—profit from it—*today*!



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PLUS 50¢ FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

TRY THESE MAGIC SWITCH-WORDS

Listed below are some of the Switch-Words you'll find in this book which, according to Mr. Mangan, "have worked near miracles in hundreds upon hundreds of cases."

For example! *The Magic Switch-Words* to stay and look young . . . to win in a competitive game . . . to display pep and sudden energy . . . anything you wish . . . to find lost or misplaced articles . . . to prevent a person from annoying you . . . to maintain good health . . . to relieve constipation . . . to turn on personality . . . to acquire a skill . . . to dispel pain in part of body . . . to make money or even build a fortune . . . to preserve personal safety . . . to convert another to your beliefs . . . to make yourself handsome or beautiful . . . to learn a secret . . . to improve your mental telepathy . . . to read the future . . . to work miracles . . . to be soothing to others . . . to complete a lot of detailed work . . . to sleep . . . to make your children obedient . . .

MR. MANGAN'S OWN CASE HISTORIES!

Beat an Eye Operation by Two Months A 40-year-old man was troubled with a growth on his eyelid. The specialist said it could not be treated for two months. Yet the lid was beginning to droop with the weight. A friend told him the magic word for healing. He said it—and the growth healed after three days!

Man Makes $20,000 Extra in One Year One skeptic told a friend that this method was a lot of hooey. Asked what he most wanted out of life, he replied, "Money, of course." He was told the magic word for receiving money. Thinking, "What can I lose?" he tried it. That year he made $20,000 more than his regular income!

Gout Pain Relieved From a pipefitter: "An excruciating stab of pain hit my big toe and I suddenly feared I was about to learn the agony of gout. But I said the magic word for relieving pain—and the pain left in a second."

He Cures Himself of Hay Fever A hay fever victim, with a history of 25 years of seasonal agony, applied himself to this experiment. *It worked.* From the very first time he said the magic word for healing, he never experienced another acute attack . . . and for seven years he has been COMPLETELY CURED OF HAY FEVER," says Mangan on page 84.

YOU'LL DISCOVER MAGIC SWITCH-WORDS LIKE PUSH BUTTONS!

HOW TO FIND LOST ARTICLES You'll find this word on Page 72. Just keep in mind what you want to find. Then say this word and relax. "Suddenly you find yourself moving in a strange way to a strange place" says Mr. Mangan. "Lo and behold! Almost immediately the lost article appears right in front of you!"

THE WORD THAT RELIEVES PAIN "Remain as skeptical as you want about the ability of a single word to switch on an 'unseen personal machine'. . . a 'machine' in your subterranean factory expressly designed to relieve you of *pain*," says Mr. Mangan. To chase away a pain, state it formally and clearly to yourself (for example, "I have a headache and I want to get rid of it at once!") Then state the word on page 81.

A MAGIC WORD TO TAKE YOU PLACES How often have you found yourself in a situation where you need transportation immediately. You have no car. There is no bus in sight. No telephone. What would you give to utter a single word and have a friendly person appear and offer to take you to your destination? Sound impossible? Don't be too sure. "Too many incidents have happened all over the country," says Mr. Mangan, "to dispute the power of the switch-word when a dire need for transportation presents itself."

GETTING OLD TOO FAST? "After middle age, we are conscious of getting older," says Mr. Mangan. "To save your essential youth, no matter what the chronological facts are, switch on your youth-saving machine with one word!" (See page 140.) And he goes on to say, on page 167, that this very same, "magic switch-word" will help you "stay young and look young *immediately*!"

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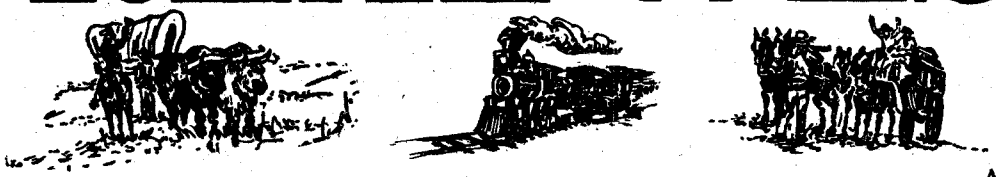

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SEPT. '74

Death Of John Younger
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The Day Pat Garrett Was Killed
Mystery Of The Skeleton In The Meadow
Kermit Maynard

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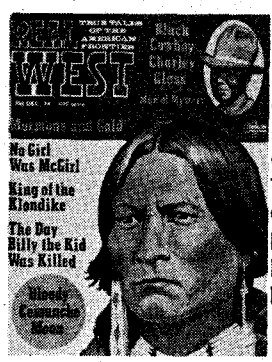
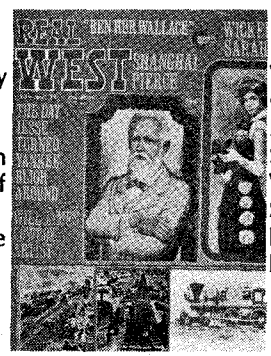
Doctors, Diseases And Medicine In The Old West
James King of William
The Day Outlaw Sam Bass Was Killed
The Photograph That Destroyed A Legend
Hopalong Cassidy



DEC. '74

Black Cowboy
Charley Glass
Bloody Comanche Moon
The Passing Of Cloud Dancer
Big Nose George Parrott
Buzz Barton



JAN. '75

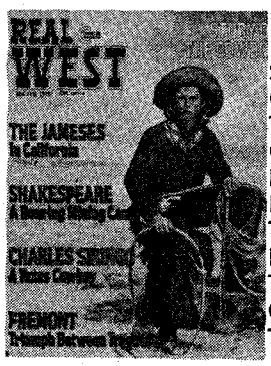
Will James, Cowboy Artist
Rails Across The Sierras
Wicked Sarah
Shanghai Pierce
Donald "Red" Barry

JUNE '75

Grant Before Greatness
Death Of A Demon
Those Other Buffalo Bills
Tex Ritter
Over The Rockies

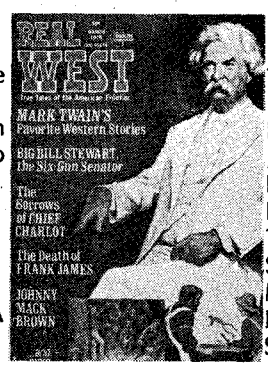
JULY '75

A Fair Exchange
Massacre Of Ludlow Siding
The Slickest Of The Bad Men
Custer City Justice
Ray "Crash" Corrigan



FEB. '75

Story Of The Cowboy
The Phantom Camp - An Idaho Legend
Fremont - Triumph Between Tragedies
Charles Siringo, A Texas Cowboy



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So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — **these are Nature's Red Flags** warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

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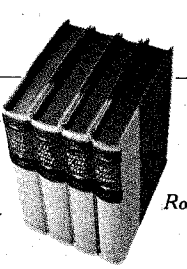

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